The BYSTANDER
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11, DECEMBER 1935

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The BYSTANDER

Riviera Number

1/-

THE BYSTANDER Christmas Number

One Merry-Go-Round of Jollity

The Bystander Christmas Number contains the work of many distinguished authors and artists. Margery Sharp, Nicholas Blake, Claudia Parsons, Peter Belloc, Josephine Blumenfeld and Milward Kennedy are among the notable writers who have contributed short stories with decorations by our foremost illustrators. These include Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I., Clark Fay, John Reynolds and Keith Bryant.

Three of the greatest wits of to-day:—
A. G. Macdonell, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Maurice Lane-Norcott have written stories and articles, and a number of pages in black and white and colour illustrate the originality and diversity of the best humorous artists. Walter Goetz, Patrick Bellew, Frank Ford, Hailstone, Ian Fenwick and Nicolas Bentley are some of them.

Charming decorative pages include the work of Rojan, Relf, A. K. Macdonald and two Royal Academy Exhibitors, Miss Anna Zinkeisen and Miss Veronica Burleigh.

ON SALE NOW

P440

AMUSEMENTS

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

FRANCE.

Paris. — **Hotel du Jubile.** — Opened 1935. Sun and fresh air. Private bath and breakfast from 10/6.

Paris. — **Hotel Lutetia.** — Of universal renown. Every possible comfort. Rooms from Frs. 25.

Cannes.—**Hotel des Anglais.**—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.–Spend Winter at the **Htl. Miramar.** Its New Grill–where good taste and good living are insep'ble. All r'ms. with priv. bath.

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Menton.—**Astoria Hotel.**—Rooms or large & small furn. or unfurn. apartments. Pension (board) op. and inexpen. SERVICE FLATS.

Menton.–Hotel Bellevue et d'Italie.–Patron. by Royalty. Beaut. own gds. Terms fr. 4 gns. Restaur. pers. super. by mang. P. Churchman.

Menton. — **The Majestic** (Swiss Hotel). — Nearest to Casino, facing gardens, all comfort. Pens. from 4 gns. weekly.

Menton.—**The Mont-Fleuri.**—Ideal Residential Hotel. Exotic Gardens. Renowned Cooking.

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FRANCE—*continued.*

Nice.—**Atlantic Hotel.**—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel du Rhin. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

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Leipzig.–**Hotel Astoria.**—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Stuttgart. — **Hotel Graf Zeppelin.** — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

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Wiesbaden.–**Hotel Rose.**–World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

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SPAIN.

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SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.–**The Beau-Rivage.**–Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva. — **Hotel Richemond.** — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Gstaad.—**Hotel Oldenhorn.**—3,600 f. Max. sun. Winter Sports. Pens., incl. all taxes and ski school instruction fm 12 Swiss Frs.

Lausanne. — **Belvedere Hotel.** — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

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Wengen.–**Park Hotel Beausite.**–1st. cl. Brit. fam. htl., mod. con. Cent. posit. Wint. spts. Orch. In. tms. fr. frs. 14.50. E. Buhlmann, prop.

The Bystander, December 11, 1935

No. 1669. Vol. CXXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

Gutmann

THE LADY ELIZABETH PAGET

Here's an interesting new portrait of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's second daughter, wearing a black open-mesh net on her dark hair—a fashion only the young and lovely can carry off with a hope of success. She's nineteen this year, three years younger than her film-minded sister, Caroline, and extremely attractive to look at. The next two of the five Paget sisters, Mary Patricia Beatrice Rose and Rose Mary Primrose, are due for debutante-ship within the following season or two; the fifth one, twin of the Angleseys' heir, Lord Uxbridge, is only just in her teens

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

WILHELM FURTWÄNGLER—CONDUCTOR OF THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Furtwängler and his orchestra finished their English visit last Sunday with a concert at the Albert Hall, after the week's provincial tour that followed their two concerts at the Queen's Hall on November 27th and 28th. Furtwängler is among the two or three most eagerly awaited conductors who periodically come to London; there's a fine moment of expectation when the tall, thin, grave man takes his place on the unrailed platform in front of his concentrated, musicianly, amazingly disciplined orchestra. He is fifty next month, the son of a Munich professor of archæology, married a Danish wife in 1923, has had appointments as conductor in many of the provincial centres of music in Germany, was with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra from 1925 to 1927, and in Vienna from then to 1930, has been director of the Berlin Philharmonic since 1922, and director of the Berlin State Opera since 1933

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 132

The Marquis de Casa Maury

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

Bobby Casa Maury is a charming chap. He allows nothing to embitter him, and goodness, he has had a lot of tough breaks! Slim and sad-eyed, pale and gently gesticulating, he has smiled his half-smile (just the right-hand side of the mouth is raised) through misfortune after misfortune right into success. Though Cuban by nationality, he is Castilian by ancestry. Nevertheless, he was educated at Beaumont, and as soon as he was old enough joined the Royal Flying Corps, with which he served throughout the war. From 1919 to 1922 he became a professional speed-king, racing in all the French, Italian and Spanish Grands Prix for the Bugatti people—as well as in the first 200-mile race at Brooklands and the T.T. shows in the Isle of Man. Incidentally, he and Lee Guinness are alone left of that generation of ace drivers. (His trade name was Mones Maury.) It was marriage to Paula Gellibrand which caused him to give up the road and take to the sea. His schooner was the first Bermuda-rigged boat in Europe. He also had Amber, which was for two years the crack 18-footer. He had no skipper. He did all his own navigation.

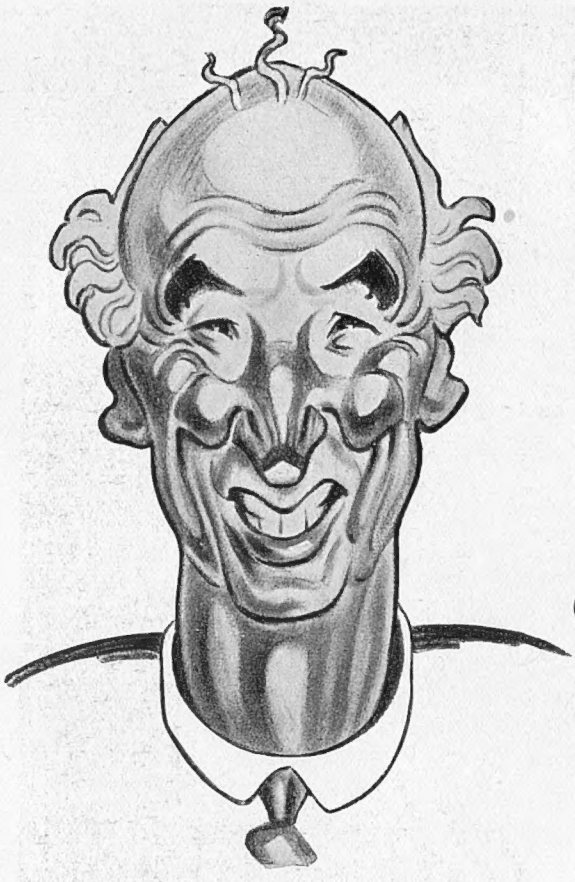
So passed five happy years, until the American market broke, and nearly broke him, too. For a time he fiddled with interior decoration, and then conceived the idea of the Curzon. The greatest possible obstacles were put in his way, but he allowed nothing to deter him. He spent seven months, under assumed names, in various cinemas, learning, at 9d. an hour, how to work the projector, clear the theatre and book the seats. And finally his dream came true.

Like most people of Castilian stock, Bobby smokes endless cigarettes. But he never goes to cocktail-parties and never has a drink before eleven at night. Every evening he contrives to get half-an-hour's sleep before dinner at his house in St. Catherine's Precinct, Regent's Park. Here he keeps a Siamese kitten, a kitchen cat, a mongoose and an Airedale.

He has only one superstition. He always carries a print of Saint Theresa with him wherever he goes. He is a thoroughly bad golfer, but enjoys it. He likes flying and has owned three Moths. His favourite film stars are Garbo, Laughton, Annabella, and Jannings. His favourite producers are Willy Forst, Alex Korda, Lubitsch and Julien du Vivier.

If he ever gets a holiday he likes to sun-bathe in Madeira. When in thought he runs a rigid fore-finger over his forehead. He is always in deadly earnest about his work, and yet contrives to be always charming. Somewhere or another he must hide the devil of a temper, but I have never seen it, and I have known him for many years. One thing he has certainly got is courage. He can't hide that, any more than his eyelashes, which are probably the longest in London.

French View



Sir John Simon

Sir Herbert Samuel

Ramsay MacDonald

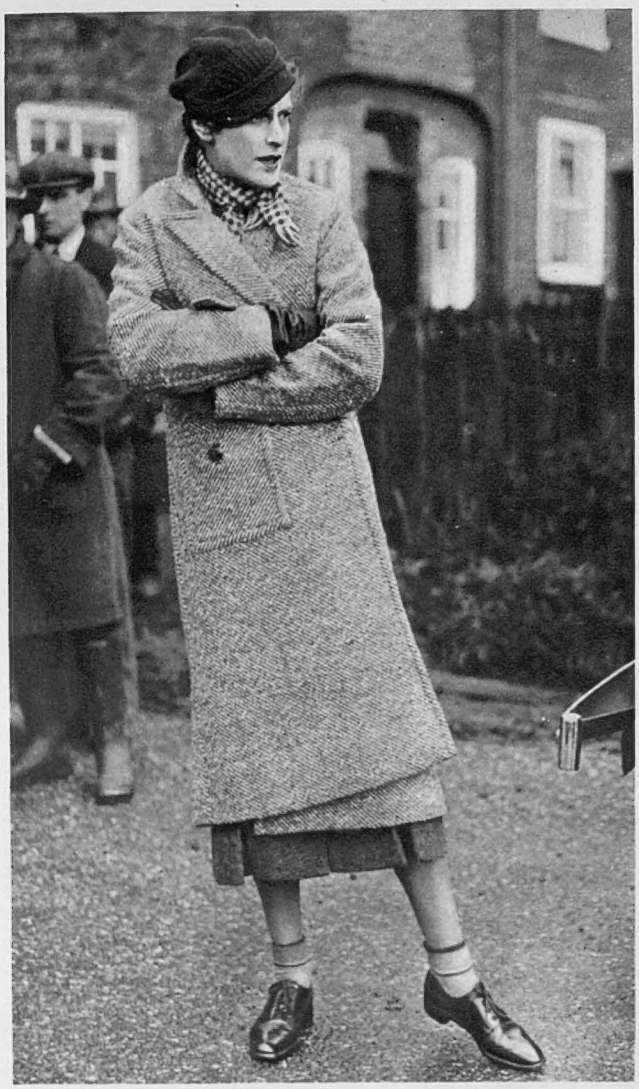
Five More English Politicians— — by Cabrol, of France

Winston Churchill

CABROL is an extremely clever young caricaturist who is rapidly building himself as respected a reputation outside as he has inside his own country. He does nothing but caricature portraits, in pencil, ink and water-colour, exhibits once a year at the Paris Salon des Artistes Humoristes and writes regularly for two or three French newspapers, daily and weekly—the *Matin*, the *Petit Parisien*, *Marianne*, among others. He is admitted to important sessions in the Chambre, and has been sent to Geneva to catch international celebrities unawares. There are, in fact, very few celebrities of any kind that have not caught his cruelly penetrating and satirical eye at some time or another. We published five of his portraits of English politicians (Baldwin, Chamberlain, Eden, Hoare and Thomas) last week

David Lloyd George

Country Women

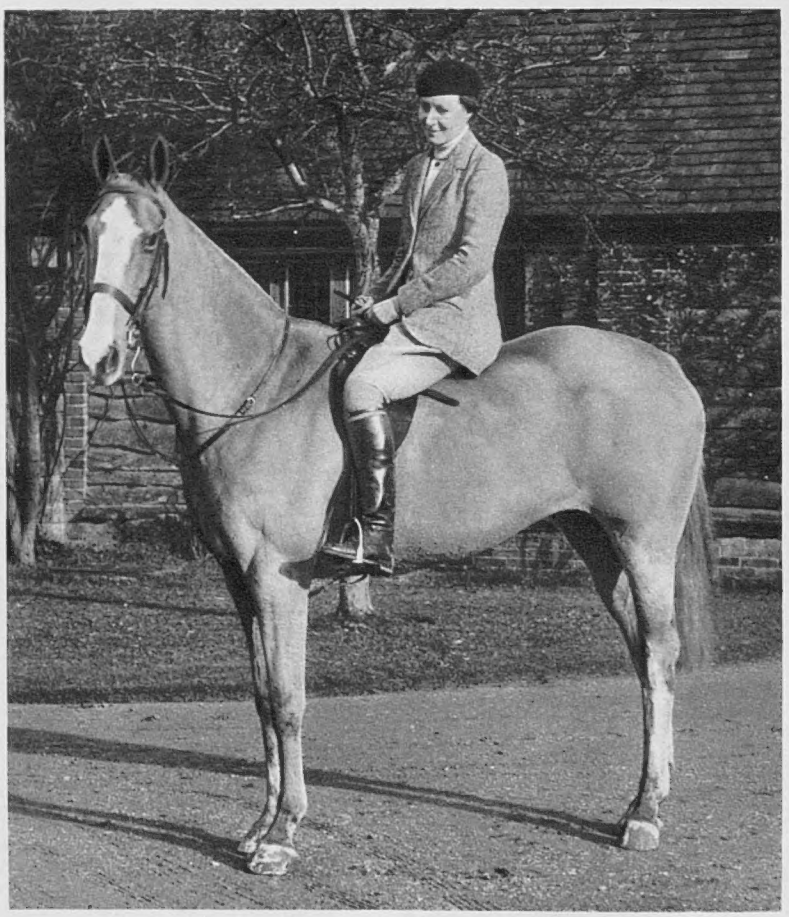


Lady Victoria Scott

Lady Victoria Scott looks very good in her country clothes, as neat as a pin. She is Lord Haig's second sister, married Andrew Scott in 1929, has one son, and lives in London. Her husband is a cousin of the Duke of Buccleuch. She was at a Quorn meet when she was photographed

Mrs. Leo Partridge and Mrs. Gwynne

Were also at the Quorn meet at Ab-Kettleby. Mrs. Leo Partridge, who wears trousers for the country, was Olive Sainsbury, then Lady Inverclyde, then Mrs. Pearce. Mrs. "Foxey" Gwynne is American, and has been over here most of this year



Countess de Pret Roose

Left: Countess de Pret Roose, who was taken on her mare, Nell Gwyn, is a farmer as well as a countrywoman since she went to live at Ellens Green in Sussex. She's got a small, rather good herd of cows, and the farm is run on very model lines

Putting Their Lips On

Miss Joy Cunningham and Miss Kay Stammers were well chosen as tennis dress mannequins for the dress parade at the Fashion Plate Ball at Grosvenor House last week. They did their make-up at a mirror interestingly marked "Return to Banquet"

A Puppy, a Film Star and a Conductor

Who *got that puppy? It was auctioned at the Fashion Plate Ball by film-star June Clyde and conductor Malcolm Sargent, and a very sweet walrus face it made at its prospective buyers. The Ball was in aid of the Social Institute Union for Working Girls' Clubs*

At a Charity Film Première

Miss Deborah Jenkinson and her brother, Sir Anthony Banks Jenkinson, went to the première at the Empire of "Broadway Melody of 1936," in aid of the National Advertising Benevolent Society. Sir Anthony Jenkinson, who is twenty-three and succeeded his grandfather when he was three, has just come back from America

Swaebe

Was It a Mouse?

Left: Lady Sibell Lygon has just the look of someone who's seen a mouse and doesn't like the look of it. But as she was at the Empire for the charity film première, probably the whole thing was nothing but the camera playing a trick

Left: Lady Inchcape and Lord Northesk were having supper at the Dorchester

Right: Lord and Lady Scarsdale and Patricia Lady Cottenham went on to a party at the Dorchester after the "Broadway Melody" charity première, of which Lady Scarsdale was the chairman

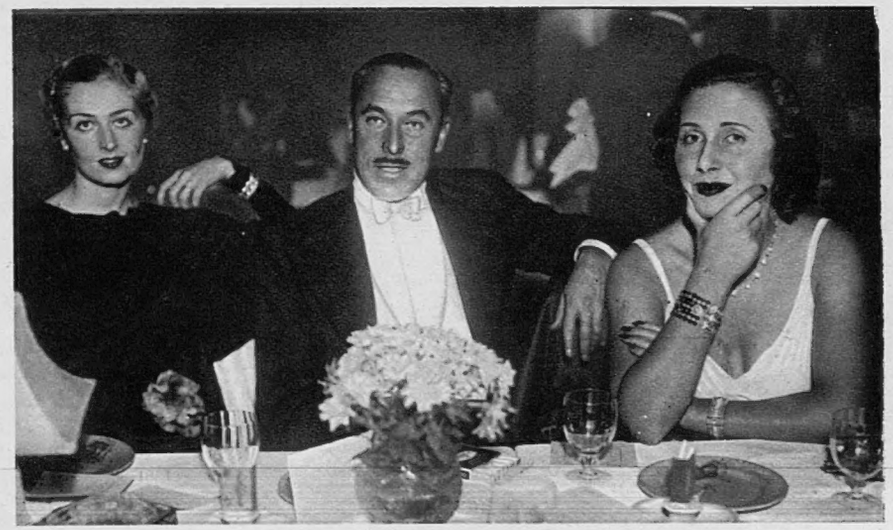
For the Sake of Health and Beauty

Lady Warwick had a satin ribbon to cut when she opened the Health and Beauty Exhibition at the New Horticultural Hall, and Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett to support her. The Exhibition was the first of its kind in England

The Sevastopoulos Christening

Valerie Lady Brougham and Vaux was one of the godparents for Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sevastopoulos' daughter when she was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mrs. Sevastopoulos, who is holding the baby, was Diana Guest, and used to be something of a star pilot before she married

London Scene



Waiting for Bacon and Eggs

They Took a December Constitutional

The Hon. Mrs. Michael Buller and Mrs. Tom Emery went walking across the Park. Mrs. Buller's father was Lord Cable; her husband used to be in the Rifle Brigade, and is a nephew of the late General Sir Redvers Buller. Mrs. Emery and her husband live at Biarritz, but are wintering in London

Above, right: Miss Ingrid Richard, Mr. Rodney Soher, and Mrs. Jimmy Harris had just arrived at the Florida around the time when bacon and eggs come into bloom. Ingrid Richard is the German beauty queen, and about the loveliest girl in the world. Rodney Soher had just got back from Hungary; he'd been in Middle Europe since early autumn

Right: Miss Mamaine Paget, Mr. A. Stewart, and Miss Susan Bligh were at Mr. John Ryland's "twenty - firster," which consisted of a huge party at the May Fair

Swaebe

At a Twenty-First Birthday-Party

· GOING OUT

Swaebe

Dancing and Gazing—

Lady Doverdale and Lord Hindlip were dancing and talking at a party at the Dorchester

Celebrating and Laughing—

The laughers were Mr. Walter Paine and Mrs. John Taylor (Hélène Grant Richards that was), and the celebration was Mrs. Simon Brand's fifty-guest birthday-party at the Ritz

Racing—

Miss Irene Mann-Thompson was racing at Kempton; arrived for the third race, and lost money on it; was with her mother, Mrs. FitzGerald.

A HORSE called Blue Nose ought to have won at Kempton last Saturday week. Never have we been colder or enjoyed a nip of cherry brandy more. We realised a lot of things for almost the first time: that orange make-up is shattering on a mauve face; that warmly-lined Newmarket boots are a necessity for winter racing; and that our system of backing a horse mentioned by one paper only is not so hot over the sticks.

Warm Understandings

IT is the regulars who manage to look their best on these unbecoming occasions. Their impeccable tweeds, faint make-up, and understanding of foot warmth puts the shivering amateur to shame. Mrs. "Boy" Wilson is one of the staunchest racegoers going; Mrs. Rupert Byass is fast becoming another. We liked her gay tweed jacket and glengarry, worn over a dark-brown dress. Rex Colclough, who we were surprised to find there, was backing winners with consistency. Surprising, because music is his forte. He is going in for it seriously, and is practising eight hours a day, and going out only one night a week. He looks like a sailor, and gave a good cocktail-party last week.

An Admirable Arrangement

THE palest, most wistful little face in London belongs to the Countess Haugwitz Reventlow, who was lunching with her attractive husband at the Embassy the other day. Congratulations to Miss Jeanne Stourton on becoming the Countess's private secretary. They are great friends, and as we have very private and reliable information about Miss Stourton's intelligence and efficiency, we think it must be an admirable arrangement on both sides.

Collecting a staff for the new house in Hyde Park Gardens is engaging all Miss Stourton's energies at present, for domestics seem to evince the same casual indifference about a job with an heiress as they display to you or me.

An Amused Quartet

MRS. EDYTHE D'ERLANGER, whom we have seen about very little lately, was also lunching that day, and an obviously amused quartet consisted of Lady Ashley, Mrs. Dupont, Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Billy Reardon.

Lady Warwick, with a couple of gardenias perched under her dimpled chin, was with Mrs. Rupert Byass, who was wearing a mink coat, like almost every other woman on that cold day.

A Good Cause

THE Countess of Eldon and her cousin, Mrs. Philip Yorke, are the joint-organisers of a charity cocktail-party that is sure to be fun. It is in aid of St. Peter's Soup Kitchen, a good cause if ever there was one, for it feeds about four hundred people a night, and at present has only seating accommodation for forty at a time. The cocktail-party is at 12, Carlton House Terrace, on Tuesday, December 10th, and you will be expected to pay ten shillings at the door and drink as much as you like.

Lady Eldon, who is a daughter of the late Lord Lovat, is as clever as she is lovely, and has illustrated various books, including one of Compton Mackenzie's.

An Energetic Beauty

QUIET, stay-at-home people must marvel at the energy of that beautiful young woman, Mrs. Barbara Walsh, who intends, we hear, to revert to her former name, Hamilton.

She went to New York last August, meaning to stay a week or ten days at the most. She took a house on East 72nd Street, and has been there ever since, until last Wednesday, when she appeared unexpectedly on the Europa, and before anyone realised she was back, left again on the same boat five days later. As all her houses were let (she has three), she stayed at the Dorchester. She was looking as lovely as ever, and promises to return for good early in the New Year.

A Golden Celebration

MRS. SIMON BRAND gave an enormous dinner-party at the Ritz one night last week. It was her birthday, and it is a coincidence that her only daughter, Mala, was born on the same date.

Miss Brand, however, was not at this gala dinner, which was a resplendent feast, with a gold table-cloth and shimmering sprays of golden wheat and flowers (after Constance Spry). There were at least sixty guests, and as one man failed at the last moment, two women found themselves next to each other. It was rather old-fashioned of one of them to leave and return at the end of dinner with an imported swain!

The Archduke François Joseph of Austria sat next to the hostess; the beautiful Baroness Kahler, in a silver dress and many diamonds, on his right. Mrs. Woolley Hart, in an impressive gold coat; the newly-married Mrs. Geoffrey Mole, who is very pretty and full of charm; "Bill" Garthwaite; Richard Rose, a slim American with

to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Holding Hands—

Mrs. Wrenn Dupont and Mr. Leonard Govett had the flashlight turned on them at the Dorchester. Their wedding is due any time now ; they 've been engaged since the spring

Wedding—

Mr. Tom Webster got married last week at St. James's, Spanish Place, to Miss Ida Michael, who used to be one of "Les Girls" in the first Dorchester invasion. She had Mr. Cochran to give her away at the wedding

Swaebe

Coming-of-Age—

Mr. John Ryland was twenty-one the other day, and had a big party at the May Fair to celebrate the fact. With him is Lady Patricia Mackay, who is still under twenty

—And a Christening

Alistair Patrick Lindsay Alexander is the son of Major the Hon. William and Mrs. Alexander, and was christened at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Major Alexander is Lord Caledon's brother, and in the Irish Guards. Mrs. Alexander was Hermione Buxton before her marriage last year

big theatrical interests; Miss Peggy Johnson, whose engagement is perpetually rumoured: these were some of the guests at a birthday-party on a really grand scale.

Bigger and Better Men

THE regular week-end guests at Leeds Castle are proposing to show their appreciation of Sir Adrian and Lady Baillie hospitality by presenting them with a new squash court, for which a subscription list has been started.

We like the wit of one guest, who said: "This will mean that bigger and better men will be asked, and we shall do ourselves in the eye!"

Riotous Youth

MR. JOHN RYLAND'S twenty-first birthday-party at the May Fair a few nights ago was a riotously youthful function. We hear that Miss Susan Bligh, who is a niece of Lord Darnley, was easily the prettiest blonde, and Miss Diana Mills the best-looking brunette, but that Lady Patricia Mackay, was, as usual, the most popular girl in the room. That we can well believe. Young men like Sandy Clark and Charles Perry emerged from their country retreats for this party, which ended at Covent Garden via the Florida.

"The Diary of a Worm"

IF any of you like Nathaniel Gubbins' *Diary of a Worm*, just listen to this quite new, quite true story.

Three young men who were at Oxford together a few years ago, met the other day to talk over old times. The next day A telephoned to B and implored him not to mention anywhere that he had seen him or spoken to him.

B, rather sleepy and easily puzzled at 9 a.m., asked why, and A then explained in a dithering voice that it would get him into trouble with a certain woman friend of his who happens not to care for B.

The latter replied: "I happen to consider my friendship worth more than Mrs. X's displeasure, and I see no reason for a clandestine friendship behind her back. Au revoir, therefore, until you recover your sense of proportion and your guts, if you 've got any!"

We never knew that men, and old friends at that, could be expected to cut each other, and we think even Mr. Gubbins will be surprised at how far a worm can really crawl.

Younger and Newer

AT the quiet end of a well-known restaurant the other evening, two women were dining together. Perhaps they were discussing a mutual friend of theirs, a man to whom one of them had once been engaged, and who had told the other a million times that she was the reason he did not marry. Down below in the same restaurant, that same night, we found the man in question. He was

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON *(continued)*

with a little blonde who was younger, prettier and newer than the two upstairs. Men are like that sometimes.

A Family Enterprise

THELMA LADY FURNESS arrived from New York on the Europa last Wednesday. She is staying at her delightful house in St. John's Wood, and her child's Christmas holidays are the reason of her visit.

We hear that the shop that she runs on the other side is a great success, and that Mrs. "Berry" Thaw (whose attractive christian name is Thamar) has now joined her twin sisters as designer. Any concern run by three such enterprising and famous young women ought to make a fortune.

The Herd Instinct

MAYFAIR'S strongest instinct is to "herd," therefore the popular places are packed to suffocation on their extension nights. Over a hundred people were turned away from the Ritz at supper time last Wednesday. Yet on the same night there were two important charity balls that must have eaten up some of the usual clientèle. Madam Dubonnet was there that night, living up to her best-dressed reputation in a sheath-like dress of green and gold shot lamé. Lady Veronica Hornby, in the same party, looked like the spirit of Spring, in a purple dress, held up by sprays of lilac over her slim shoulders.

Young Jock Hanbury and his wife, faithful Ritzites, waltz amazingly well. Lady Mary Lygon, Lord Stanley and Mr. Ivor Guest were others we saw, either taking the floor or sitting under those almost black green trees. Miss Dorothy Dickson, looking her best, which is saying a lot, was with Mr. Vivien Cornelius.

Sir Sidney and Lady Barton

The British Minister to Abyssinia and his wife were photographed in the garden of the British Legation at Addis Ababa. He's been in Abyssinia since 1929

Milk Through a Straw Doesn't—

Lady Astor, M.P., and Mr. Thomas Baxter, chairman of the Milk Marketing Board, drank the first glasses of milk at Ambrosia, the new milk bar in Welbeck Street which Lady Astor opened last week

Swaebe

—Go To Your Head Like This

Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe, that gay cavalier, did this bottle-on-the-head trick at Punch's Club at a party of which, as usual, he was the life and soul

A Spick-and-Span Flat

A COUPLE of extra-good cocktail-parties on Thursday last week made us late for dinner and unwilling to be dragged off to films or a play we had already seen. The Countess of Carlisle entertained at her spick-and-span new flat in Grosvenor Square. All her sisters were there, film-star Bessie to-be and (again) stage star Dorothy Dickson. The Stanleys of Alderley, Simon Harcourt Smith, and several others. Not a big party, but just enough people to drink with and talk with with enjoyment.

A New Dog

THE Countess of Warwick gave a house-warming six o'clock party at the flat she has taken in Bruton Street, on the same day. Here we found the De Winton Wills, Lord Milton, Lady Ashley, Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. Billy Reardon, and Lady Veronica Hornby, this time with an extraordinary little dog in tow.

Glittering Dresses

MOST of the same people were at the Embassy later on, and the "400" later on still. At the two latter "joints" Mrs. Barnato's silver sequin dress and Mrs. Nick Prinsep's lamé ditto, sparkled and glittered in roomfuls of sombre smartness.

Mrs. Charles Mills was one of the prettiest women at the Embassy that night. She and her husband have been staying in London for a few days, but are returning immediately to the country life they like so much.

A Worthy Memorial

THE accident in which Antony Knebworth was killed while practising for an Air Force Display in 1933, always struck us as particularly tragic. He obviously had a great future before him.

Not many collections of letters from a schoolboy, undergraduate and young M.P. would make the interesting reading that does *Antony*, which we have just been reading. Nor could many young men, cut off prematurely, aspire to a memorial compiled by so distinguished a father as Lord Lytton, published by his best friend, Nicolas Llewelyn Davies, and foreworded by Sir James Barrie.

Many will be interested in the record of Eton during the war—and just after. Oxford, recovering from war effects, with many undergraduates who had seen four years of France, is also a subject about which little has been written.

A Lost Art

WE are reminded of the lost art of letter-writing. Lord Lytton and his son discuss everything, from cribbing at Eton to whether Noel Coward is an influence for good or evil.

Critics of the modern generation should read a letter he wrote to his father in 1931—a strange letter from one who was superficially known as full of fun and good at sports.

". . . the only things which are more repulsive to me than the West End and its philosophy are the cheap, vulgar modern substitutes for the old days. . . . God help us! We have made machines . . . we can talk across the globe . . . we can fly at 400 m.p.h., we produce so much and so fast and so well that nobody wants our products, and where the hell are we?"

Anyway, it is a privilege to have met the real Knebworth through this book.

MISS PEEPS

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND BETTY ELLIS

Little Betty Ellis is only two, and so she might have thought the Teddy Bear almost as exciting as her Royal visitor. She's a patient at the Hampstead Children's Hospital, to which the Duchess of Kent paid a visit last week, looking as lovely as the Princess of any child's imagination. It was the Duchess's first engagement of this kind since the birth of her son; She went round all the wards, talked to many of the children, and was presented with a bouquet of orchids

Arthur Owen

The Earl of Shrewsbury is Just Twenty-One and Lord Joicey is Nearly Ninety

The Earl of Shrewsbury came of age on December 1st, and had, among other celebrations, a shooting-party at Ingestre Hall, his place near Stafford. He succeeded his grandfather in 1921 (his father was killed in the war), is premier Earl of England and Ireland, hereditary Lord High Steward of Ireland, and is a godson of the King and Queen

Lord Joicey will be ninety next April, and must be one of the most active men for his age in England. He owns Ford Castle, Berwick-on-Tweed, where he was shooting when this photograph was taken. With him is Miss Vere Bertie. He is one of the magnates of the North of England; a big coal-owner, and used to own the "Newcastle Daily Leader"; he was Liberal M.P. for Chester-le-Street for ten years, but is now a Conservative; created a Baron in 1906

Shooting Gallery

Arthur Owen

Captain and Mrs. Edward Joicey

Left: the Edward Joiceys were shooting with his cousin, Lord Joicey, at Ford Castle. Mrs. Joicey (or Violet Loraine) was well coated against the North-East Coast north-east wind

Right: Col. J. P. Crosbie commands the Rifle Brigade Depot at Winchester; Lady Ley is Sir Gordon Ley's wife. They were out at Hampshire shoot which Sir Gordon Ley shares with Col. Kewley, Mr. Brocklebank, and Captain Firbank

Swaebe

Col. J. P. Crosbie and Lady Ley

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

COMMENTING on, and in many ways approving, the Chinese Art Exhibition at Burlington House, the *Times* Art Critic let us quite suddenly into a secret about his aunt. The porcelain vase, Exhibit 2170, Gallery XI, reminded him, he said, of "what one's aunt used to do on terracotta with scraps cut from nurserymen's catalogues." Well, nearly everybody decent has had an aunt like that, addicted to cutting out little decorative whatnots and glueing them on things, making dried tea-leaves into dainty pen-wipers, or even painting tasty flower-pieces in oils on glass. We had one ourselves, and, what is more, she drank pretty heavily. We don't print this fact to boast, but because the *Times* boy seems snobbishly to assume that his aunt was the ace and queen-pin of contemporary scrap-cutters and gluers on terracotta. Well, she wasn't. Our aunt could do it twice as fast when drunk, and, what is more, she once fought a sailor who sneaked into the house disguised in long white whiskers as General Booth and stigmatised her art as "immoral, perverse, and stamped with the unmistakable stigmata of fin-de-siècle decadence." This conversation ensued:

OUR AUNT: Eh?

SAILOR (*stroking his whiskers sadly*): Poor waif! Poor wanton!

OUR AUNT: What 's that?

SAILOR: You heard me.

OUR AUNT: *Wanton?*

SAILOR: Wanton, baggage, hussy, demirip, trull, drab, jade, skit, rig, quean, mopsy, slut, minx, or harridan.

OUR AUNT (*appalled*): Oh, you awful!

SAILOR: You heard me.

OUR AUNT (*grimly*): *Put 'em up!*

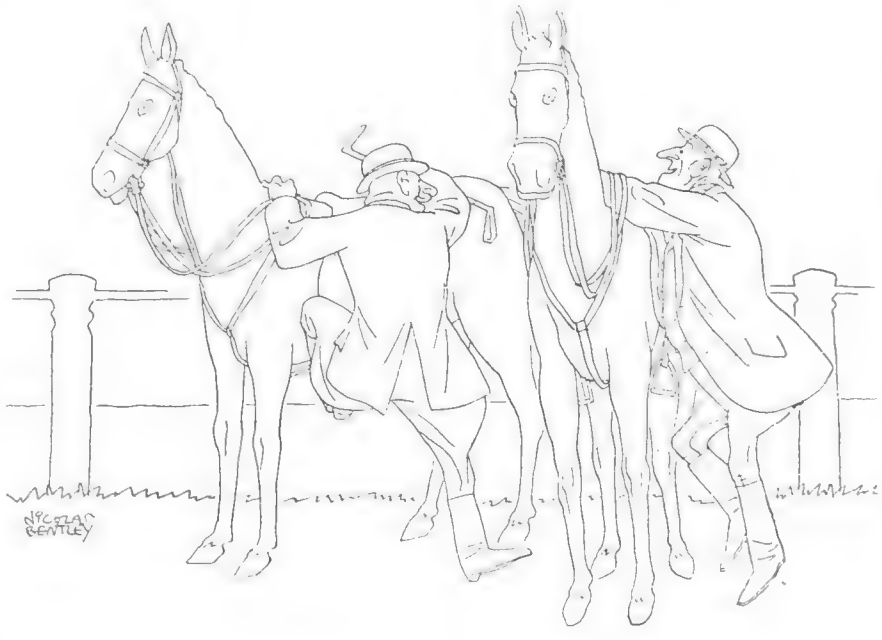
The sailor was nobody in particular; just an ordinary carefree son of Neptune who cared sincerely for Art, and was pounded to a jelly by our aunt, who packed a haymaker (as Gladstone laughingly said) in each mitt. If she ever met the *Times'* boy's aunt at a Private View of gentlewomen's dainty home-made trinkets we don't know. They wouldn't have liked each other probably, our aunt being inclined to make ghastly faces at rival artists when in her cups. She made a face at Alma-Tadema once. Also Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

Low Mark

HEWART MA. will go to the bottom of the form please, till end of term. Reason for this disciplinary step: the Lord Chief Justice's lyrical remarks on the Puritan Tradition of America at the Thanksgiving Day dinner of the American Society in London. One expects the conventional Pilgrim-Father hugaboo from other people, but not from Hewart ma., a brilliant boy who ought to know better. Those who utter such stuff ought to have lived under that black New England tyranny of body and soul, ho, ho. We often wonder why, in an age perpetually babbling about progress and liberty, we hear so much of the Mayflower and so little of the Ark and the Dove; so much of Puritan New England, so little of Lord Baltimore's free and happy Maryland, where there was not only complete liberty of conscience, but taverns, songs, dances, horse-racing, good manners, good wine, duels, cards, and every civilised amenity. We can think of two reasons for this curious preference, and one is that nobody ever reads anything about Maryland, because Nanny says not. We 're very sorry to have to give Lord Hewart this bad mark. He 's one of our favourite and most promising boys, and we predict a great future for him, but dammit, he mustn't neglect his prep. Hewart ma. will write out one hundred times: "There was liberty in Maryland, established in 1634 by Royal Charter granted to George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, and nowhere else." This will probably suffice as a punishment, since Hewart ma.'s lapse cannot possibly be attributed, like that little beast Eric's (of *Little by Little*), to drink, the scourge of so many of our public schools.

Vive la Paulet!

SIR JOHN SQUIRE, who is always up and saving something, offered the other day to start a fund for a statue to Mrs. Paulet, the Leicestershire farmer's wife who invented Stilton Cheese—this, we take it, by way of a reply to the French, who put up a statue to Mme. Harel of Camembert fame some time ago. Apart from the statue idea, which is very tiresome, we think Sir John is right to seek to honour the creator of this noble cheese. If Brillat-Savarin was correct when he said the discovery of a new dish does more for mankind than the discovery of a new star, obviously the inventor of a vintage cheese is much more important than Kepler or Copernicus. And, lord, the great cheeses there are up and down the world! The dozens of fine cheeses, all distinct, there are in Normandy and England alone! The shy but exquisite cheeses that never travel from their native fields, like Wensleydale and Blue Vinny, Dunlop and Caerphilly! The great historic cheeses of Christendom, like Pont l'Evêque, which is praised in the *Roman de la Rose*, a poem 700 years old, endless; and of incalculable boredom!



"Shall we try side-saddle?"

Speaking of which reminds us of a Cheddar we stumbled upon recently; a carefully matured Cheddar, mellow as a russet apple, and of much the same colour; laid down at the proper time by a man who knows and reverences cheese, ripened slowly without any tricks, coming away cleanly on the scoop, as packed with subtlety and sunshine and natural fragrance as a good Burgundy. If you think we are just being the Boy Epicure indulging in a little mannered flafla, let us remind you that one of the best thinkers of to-day has connected cheese with the intimate mind of Europe; there being an infinite variety of striking and noble cheeses within the borders of Christian Europe, and outside nothing but flatness, desolation, sameness of pattern, and a hellish mediocrity. So now what?

Bells, Eh?

A MANUSCRIPT composition written specially by Elgar for the £20,000 war memorial carillon at Loughborough is missing, and we don't suppose the authorities for one moment imagine it to have been stolen by some kleptomaniac carillonneur who wanted his little girl to practise at home. Carillonneurs are very honest people, in the first place, and in the second they rarely teach their little girls to play, owing to the expense of 50-ton bells. Even Jef Denyn of Bruges, master carillonneur of Europe, can't afford to give away more than a couple of sets of bells at Christmas, we're told. Yet this kind of music is admirably suitable for nicely brought-up girls, very few of whom can bring their belfries along after dinner, and hence cannot be asked to play. (Banging the heavy keyboard, also, gives them nice horny fists; men who marry a beautiful carillonneuse often complain of ringing in the ears.) Sitting on a summer evening at that café opposite the bell-tower at Bruges, drinking Lambic and listening to M. Denyn splendidly at work, we have more than once pondered on this curious choice of a musical career. Does the infant carillonneur begin by banging teashop bells? He wouldn't get very far in the profession if he practised in an A.B.C. When an aged carillonneur lies dying, do they bring him a convoy of lorry-loads of his favourite bells to fondle for the last time? Another musical query—what do bass-viol players keep inside their enormous instruments? You needn't tell us.

Puzzle Corner

BEST Yet Most Curious Human Story of the Last Fortnight—that of Pembroke Stephens, one of the special correspondents who watched King George of Greece's entry into Athens. After going to the Cathedral, the King appeared on the palace balcony before an undemonstrative crowd—

> Suddenly he took out his handkerchief, blew his nose. This human action pleased the crowd more than anything. Cheers grew warmer. The King waved his hand, the crowd responded. Finally the King polished his eyeglass, smiled. The crowd roared back a greeting, loyal at last, won over by the King's tact.

A less tactful man would just have stood there sniffling and snuffling, with a cloudy eyeglass in his eye. And if the tactful act of blowing the nose (with a handkerchief) sweeps the subtle Greeks off their feet like this, what would have happened had the King wiped his nose on his sleeve, or an old sock? We're just puzzled.

Another thing that puzzles us, incidentally, is the case of a youthful G.W.R. engine-cleaner who has made a bust—displayed at Paddington the other day—of Sir Robert Horne out of the grease of 257 candles. Where did he get *that* idea? Is it a genuine striving for artistic expression, or a wild craving to perpetuate in some suitable medium the beauty of Sir Robert Horne? Or did he just do it to annoy a bedridden aunt? It's awful, having these things happen so suddenly.

In Other Words—

EVEN if it *is* true, as alleged at a dinner of the Gallery First-Nighters Club the other night, that George Robey is contemplating a stab at Shylock next—"negotiations are in progress," admitted Mr. Robey pretty shamelessly—we don't think it's terribly good, as an idea, much as we love our Robey. It would be good if Mr. Robey had been seized instead with a sudden artistic yearning to play Wendy, and no fooling. We'd hurry to see that, ill as *Peter Pan* made us feel as far back as 1912, and when the Robey eyebrows asked us significantly if we believed in fairies, we'd be the first to yelp our shrill assent. A Robey Wendy would be great, simply great, a masterpiece of wistful, arch, roguish, and tender fantasy; and we bet all those unfortunate small boys who at present squirm with misery and hot shame in their stalls at the Little Mother's whimsy goings-on'd sit up and take notice and possibly raise a cheer; especially if Peter Pan got that salutary crack on the mazzard he's been asking for so long. Other big rôles we'd like to see our Robey have a stab at, now we think of it, are Little Nell, Nora in *A Doll's House*, Mélisande, Clytemnestra, the Messenger in *Agamemnon*, Carter Paterson in *Carmen*, Knight, Frank and Rutley in *The Three Musketeers*, the Swan in *Lohengrin*, and, above all, Uncle Pirandello's Six Characters in Search of an Author, whose names, as you probably know, are Babs, "Blotto," Archie, Wilbraham, Mrs. H. J. Biddle, and "Stinker." While playing all six our Robey might play Mrs. Biddle's dog as well. It's just an imaginary dog, named Garthwaite.

"Oh, Mr. Myrtle—you sing *what I* think*"*

Museum-Piece

THE British Museum people have at last decided to remove the Cervetri Sarcophagus from the Terracotta Room, this opus being now officially recognised a forgery. You've probably seen it if you've ever entered those dusky portals. It's a naked grinning satyr reclining comfortably on a large sarcophagus, telling a lady friend the latest one from the Arcadian Stock Exchange, which tickles her to death. Its genuineness has been in question since about 1874, when an Italian savant declared it a fake. Moreover, one of those

"No, thanks, it gets up my nose"

hardworking craftsmen who make and "plant" fake antiques was boasting in Paris about the same time of the fun he'd had with this particular work of art. We'd like to know how many other "show" museum-pieces in the world are also bogus. Thousands, probably. It's an ancient industry, flourishing to-day chiefly in Egypt, where marvellous bits get themselves dug up under the tourist's very feet. Experts themselves fall sometimes—which reminds us (for some reason) of an interesting theory of Dashiell Hammett's concerning the curious wives some archæologists carry round. Hammett thinks that when the archæologists open ancient graves these specimens run out.

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 5.—The "Dancing Times"

DEAR READER, if you chance to be
Devoted to Terpsichore—
That is, a dancing fan—
If every month you will peruse
This journal for its news and views
You'll be no "also ran."
Because it strives with all its might
To set your errant footsteps right.

If Ballet be your all-in-all
Or if your bent be Classical,
You'll be well catered for;
As much as are those who delight
To lead their partners night by night
On to the dancing floor
And there achieve, despite the press,
A certain measure of success.

So if, perchance, you're one of those
Who pirouette upon their toes
Or fox-trot round the floor,
The *Dancing Times* in every way
Will keep you perfectly *au fait*
With kindred topics for
The world of Whirleds it writes about
With knowledge one can never doubt.

B. W.

Entomology Department

FROM the latest catalogue of our old friend Mr. Heffer of Cambridge—

Chamberlain (I. & H.) COMMON OBJECTS OF THE RIVIERA. *With 8 Coloured Plates from Drawings by* I. Chamberlain. Index. Cr. 8vo, cloth. (Published at 3/6 net.)

The authors of this little book have been struck by the difficulty of obtaining simple information about the flora, fauna, and other objects of interest of the Riviera. In endeavouring, in some degree, to supply this deficiency they have confined themselves chiefly to describing such flowers and insects as have come under their own observation, either in the neighbourhood of Cannes, where they have spent most of their time, or in the course of their excursions along the coast.

Why on earth, since they had this difficulty, didn't they apply for information to their lordships of Castlerosse and Donegall?

This Week's Human Story

TWO very dull and serious citizens, each with a face like an ailing horse, were arguing about poetry. The first citizen was trying to convince the second citizen that making up poetry was as easy as pie. "For example," he said, "I can make up a bit of poetry here and now: My name's Mr. Blister, and I cuddle your sister. See? Now *you* make up some." The second citizen thought for some time, then he said, "My name's Mr. Brown, and I cuddle your wife." "That's no good," said the first citizen contemptuously, "it doesn't rhyme!" "I can't help that," said the second citizen, shaking his big dull head, "it's the truth."

THE BYSTANDERS.

"—and this is Miss Slipe—she's just back from Samothrace"

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Ragout of Roguery

"The Inside Stand" (Saville Theatre)

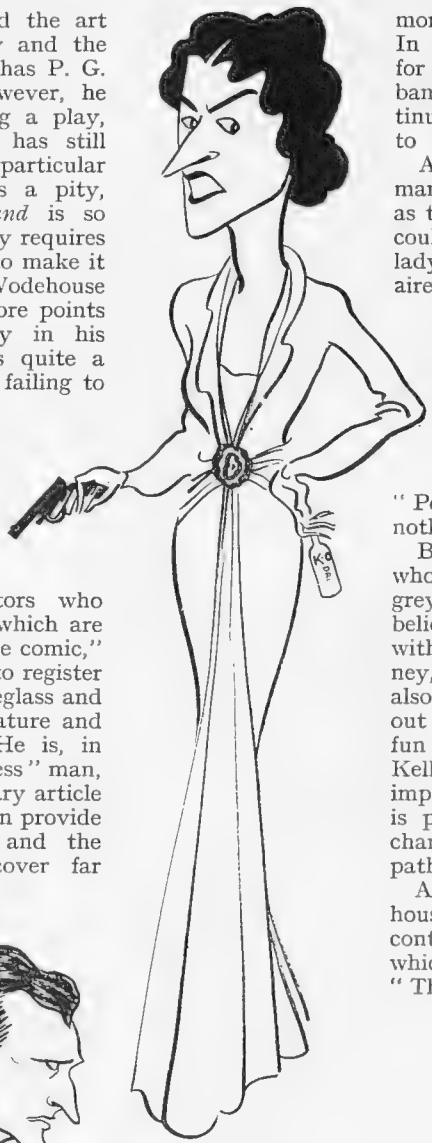
No one has mastered the art of the short story and the novel better than has P. G. Wodehouse. When, however, he tries his hand at writing a play, it is apparent that he has still something to learn of this particular technique. And this is a pity, because *The Inside Stand* is so funny in parts that it only requires a little expert doctoring to make it outstandingly good. Wodehouse knows so well how to score points with unfailing regularity in his stories that it comes as quite a shock when we find him failing to do likewise in a play.

The Inside Stand was, I believe, written to provide Ralph Lynn with a starring part, and he certainly makes the most of his chances, which are many. Unlike all too many actors who specialise in those parts which are tersely described as "dude comic," he is not content merely to register inanity by wearing an eyeglass and looking as vacuous as Nature and make-up will permit. He is, in fact, an excellent "business" man, for whom the most ordinary article of furniture or clothing can provide a vehicle for humour, and the emotions he registers cover far more than fifty-seven varieties. In this play he proves once and for all that he is one of the select band of comedians who can be continuously amusing without having to rely on judicious "feeding."

As to the plot, this contains as many intricacies, twists and turns as the most ardent Wodehouse fan could crave. Gunmen, crooks, a lady detective, a henpecked millionaire, and, of course, the famous Wodehousian perfectly priceless silly ass, all help to make that part of the Riviera in which the action takes place so riotously animated a spot that not even the gloomy medico in *Grand Hotel* could indulge in his usual bleat that "People come and people go, and nothing ever happens."

Ben Welden, as a safe-blower who is forever yearning for his grey-haired old mother, who is, he believes, languishing in quod, plays with enormous gusto; Olive Blakeney, as a widowed Duchess who is also as smart a crook as ever kept out of "stir," extracts lots of fun from her part; and Kathleen Kelly, as the girl for whom the impressionable Freddie Widgeon is prepared to dare all, looks so charming that she wins our sympathies at once.

A liberal seasoning of Wodehousisms keeps the laughter going continuously throughout the farce, which might almost be called "The Lynnside Stand."



The Duchess de la Vospierre (Olive Blakeney) may have a French title, but she also has a Chicago up-bringing. Hence the sinister "gat" and the knock-out drops

The lamb in the lion's den. Freddie Widgeon (Ralph Lynn) preparing to woo the girl of his choice with a few cheerful inanities and a beaming smile

Sketches by Rouson

Parker, alias "Oily" (Bennett O'Loghlan), may be a good butler but he is a better "con" man, as he proves to Sammy Simms (Ben Welden), who has graduated with honours as a safe-blower

Anthony

"What, will these hands ne'er be clean?"

Vivienne Bennett as Lady Macbeth

"Macbeth" is having a two weeks' run at the Old Vic before the Christmas production of "The School for Scandal" starts on December 20th. Vivienne Bennett adds Lady Macbeth to the sum of her fine performances as leading actress of the company, which have included Solveig in "Peer Gynt" and Masha in Tchekov's "The Three Sisters." Ion Swinley, Cecil Trouncer, and William Devlin are playing Macbeth, Duncan, and Banquo, and Henry Cass is again responsible for the vividly intelligent, un-stereotyped production. The Old Vic is always alive, to a degree that makes most West End theatres seem somnolently blasé; maybe its atmosphere is a legacy from the endless audiences that have gone there to be interested rather than idly amused

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Archduke François-Joseph of Austria

Was lunching at Prunier's when he was sketched. He is the eldest son of the Emperor Charles, who succeeded his great-uncle, the old Emperor, in 1916 and died in exile in 1922. The Archduke was born in 1912, and lives with his mother, four brothers, and three sisters in Belgium

Countess Erdödy

Above: Countess Erdödy is a chic and attractive Hungarian who has been in London on a short visit from Paris. She went to see Molly Bishop's exhibition of pictures (where she was sketched) wearing this amusing new version of the Tyrolean hat

Baroness Kahler

Left: Baroness Kahler was one of the guests at Mrs. Simon Brand's great birthday-party at the Ritz, for which a huge table stretched the full length of the restaurant, all decorated with gilded bouquets of flowers. The Archduke François-Joseph was another of the guests

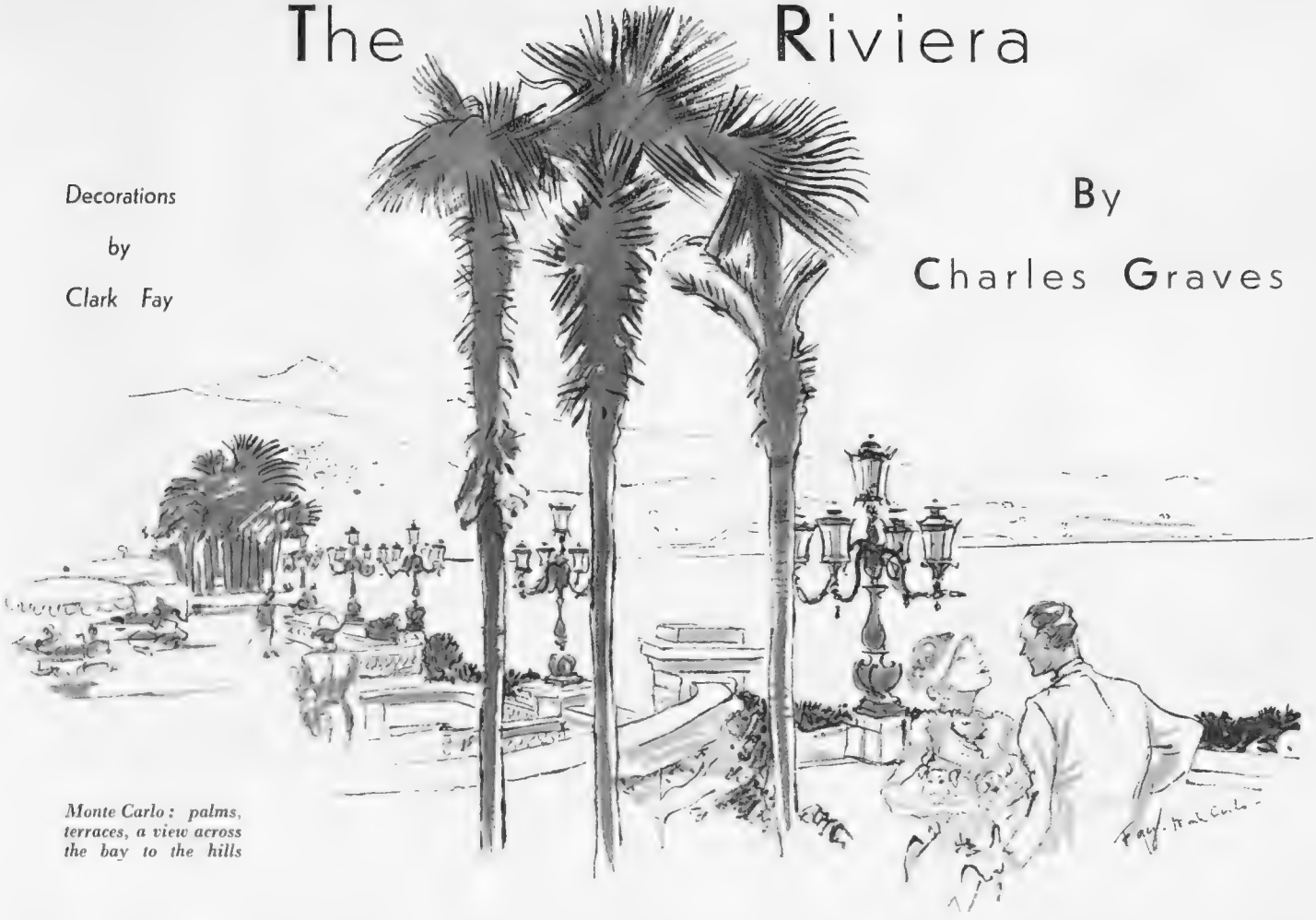
Lady Patricia Russell

Sketched with a background of the gold flowers that decorated Mrs. Simon Brand's birthday table, at which Lady Patricia Russell was a guest. She is a cousin of Lord Dufferin and Ava, married Henry Russell in 1926, and lives most of the year at Antibes, where her house is Domaine des Charmette

The Riviera

Decorations by Clark Fay

By Charles Graves



Monte Carlo: palms, terraces, a view across the bay to the hills

THE real joy of a holiday lies primarily in its contrast from your everyday existence. If you live in a land of palm-trees, warm sunshine, delicious breezes, all-the-year-round bathing, yellow mimosa, and the excitement of a casino life, it is only natural that you should select the charms of bleaker climates by way of contrast for your vacation. It makes it all the more enjoyable for you when you return. If, however, you live in a country where sunshine is not guaranteed; where only horse- and dog-racing are tolerated by the authorities for the man or woman who likes an occasional flutter; where, however good the food, you know it from the A of the oyster to the Z of the cold mutton; where you never know if you will not need an umbrella by lunch time; where you cannot have a cocktail out of doors (except at a few Continentalised restaurants), why, surely the Riviera is literally what the doctor ordered. Bathing in a transparent, warm, blue sea, slicing your drive round an olive plantation, eating ripe figs off the branches, playing lawn tennis in the shade of eucalyptus-trees, drinking bronxes made with fresh tangerine juice instead of the synthetic product of bottled oranges—those are joys reserved for the visitor to the Riviera. I must have been there myself at least a dozen times. The delight never wears off. More than that, when I have been there two or three days, it seems, in the most charming way possible, as though I have been away from home at least a month. You know what I mean.

THE seaside resorts of the New Riviera—that is to say, that lovely stretch of country between Marseilles and St. Raphael—principally attract the summer visitor, but many are open in the winter. They are delightfully inexpensive, whatever the exchange may be. You could laze there several weeks on end, leading a real lotus life, spending practically nothing, picking tomatoes from their plants, hot in the sunshine, having your fruit and vegetables grown within a few yards of you.

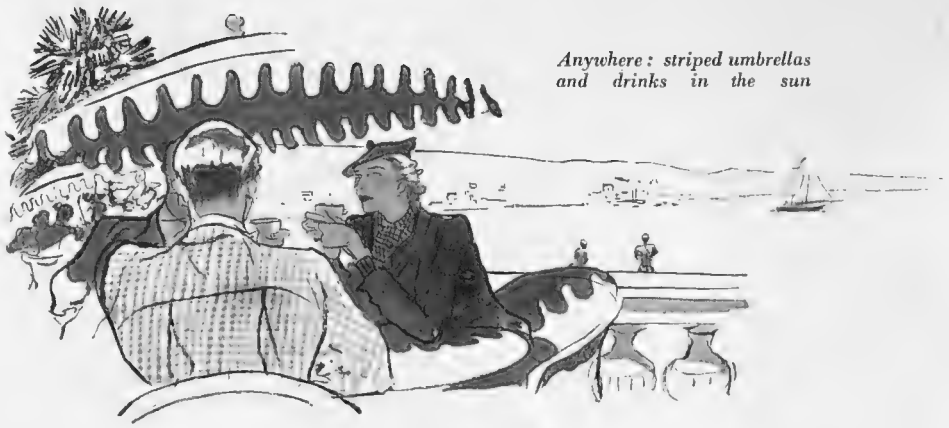
Cannes: chemin de fer fans in the Casino

Miles of vineyards separate Toulon from Hyères, the first of the larger resorts on the New Riviera, and the oldest and most southerly of them. It has two full-length golf courses, but really it is a town of flowers, especially of carnations and mimosa, and its winter climate is particularly delightful to English visitors anxious to escape the fogs and mists of London. Park gardens, vineyards and jasmine make it a most shady town. The wooded foothills, the green window-shutters and the pavé all add to the fascination of the place. Out to sea are three beautiful islands, one of which, the Ile du Levant, is uninhabited.

Hyères marks the beginning of the lovely, unspoiled and comparatively unknown Côte des Maures, dotted with a succession of small watering-places, all with pigmy beaches of fine sand, half-hidden among pine-trees, and almost suffocated in flowers.

AS you may know, each of the large resorts of the old Riviera has its own peculiar characteristics both in summer and winter. Thus, St. Raphael is more like a very large village than a Riviera town. Altogether a

delicious place to spend the winter. The hinterland is very lovely, especially Valescure and its golf course among the pine-trees. There are vineyards here in every direction, for this is where so much of the "vin ordinaire" at five or six francs a bottle is grown. In the summer there is a kind of hot-house grape smell, and it is strange to see the River Argens flowing forty yards from the sea and parallel with it. Olives and "pins parasols," low green scrub, pretty blue sea, and occasionally sand beaches fascinate you, particularly with cacti growing so close to the Nordic pines, while little pink road-houses and restaurants, miles from the nearest town, all make you realise what a paradise you are in.



Anywhere: striped umbrellas and drinks in the sun

St. Raphael: the beach and the beach restaurant

After St. Raphael come the Esterels and the exotic little resorts along the seaboard, with a startling contrast of red rocks and azure sea. Mimosa, palm-trees, cacti and geraniums catch your eye as the road flirts with the railway, until you come to Boulouris, and grasshoppers chatter like starlings all the way along the coast, past Agay, where Bernard Shaw once stayed near the little lagoon.

CANNES is as popular in winter with the Upper Ten Thousand as it is in the summer. It is the most elegant city in the world. The palm-trees along the Croisette look as though they have come direct from North Africa (which, indeed, they did, once upon a time). There is a winter casino and a summer casino, and everything possible has been done in the best possible taste to attract you. Here we have horse-racing, with mimosa-trees even in the paddock. We have polo, lawn tennis, and golf, in addition. There is also yachting. It is, in fact, the chief yachting centre of the Riviera. In the winter you will see thirty to forty of the most famous yachts in the world tied to the quay, and with the exception of Juan-les-Pins, I have never seen so many sleek, shining motor-cars as there are at Cannes.

JUAN-LES-PINS is the only resort I have ever visited four years in succession. I can think of no greater compliment. It has an admirable beach. It has a summer and winter season, like practically every other place on the Riviera. But whereas six or seven years ago the clientèle was mainly English and American, it is now largely French, which I find charming. Somehow the prettiest girls from Paris go there for their holidays, and the restaurant of the Casino has indubitably the best hors d'œuvre in the world. The man who makes them is worth a fortune to any London restaurant or hotel. He stuffs everything with everything else. Pimentoes, aubergines, sardines, olives, tunny-fish, and so on. The casino is famous for the light-hearted character of its gambling.

GRASSE is quite a bit above sea-level. It is surrounded with pretty gardens and mimosa. Any of its scent factories can be visited and will assail your nose with the scents of cinnamon, oak moss, patchouli, camomile, bitter orange blossom, cloves, jasmine, and lavender. It will be very hard, let me warn you in advance, not to find yourself buying bottle upon bottle of marvellous perfume on the spot, knowing that it will be utterly pure and unadulterated.

NICE is the seventh largest city in France. It has a charming solidity about it which some of the other casino towns do not possess. Nice itself has no fewer than five casinos, one of which is now operated by the Monte Carlo interests. Dancing, gambling, gala dinners, opera, cinemas (every possible kind of these) are available, as well as the most excellent restaurants.

(*Continued on page ii*)

Cagnes: golf by the sea

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Seymour Hicks as Scrooge

Left: Seymour Hicks, who has been many a Scrooge on the stage, has taken the part again in the Twickenham Film Studios' version of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," which is running at the Plaza

Below: by contrast, Carl Brisson as a stoker is hero of the pair to "Scrooge" at the Plaza. The girl in the photograph is Mady Christians, but the real heroine is Arline Judge. (Carl Brisson isn't a stoker for long)

Carl Brisson in "Ship Café"

• FILMS of the DAY

By GEORGE CAMPBELL

IF you have tears, prepare to shed them now. This is Weepie Week. Not since *Over the Hill*, of immortal fame, have I seen anything so emotional as *O'Shaughnessy's Boy*, starring, of all unlikely people, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. Of Jackie it may fairly be said that he knows no better, though an air of acute discomfort throughout most of the picture indicates that his instinct suggested something wrong. But Mr. Beery is over ten: as a man who has played in Shakespeare and trained elephants, he owes something to his Art.

In *O'Shaughnessy's Boy* he plays what is technically called a "cat-man": cats, in the circus world, meaning lions and tigers. Normally he is good-natured, drunken, mildly flirtatious, and fearless. Then he loses his small boy. When his wife runs away and takes the child, at the nagging insistence of a sister, the virile cat-man goes to pieces. He is mauled by a tiger and loses his nerve, and goes around, down and out, vainly looking for his child. Tears.

The boy is found. Sensation. More tears. But he has been educated at a military academy, and has become rather Sandhurst, and does not altogether relish the arrival of a tough-looking stranger who talks sentimentally and wants to kiss him in the presence of the Head.

Comes much talk of the boy's mother. Tears manfully held back. Comes the gift of a very attractive dog that does tricks cleverly. Comes the dawn. Jackie and his father are reconciled, amidst tears now flowing freely. But every Eden has its serpent; the aunt turns up again, more poisonous than ever, to demand the boy; the crying starts in earnest; and so the thing goes on, until Wallace persuades a Bengal tiger to ride on an elephant through a circle of flames and thereby regains his self-respect and the custody of the child. That's all. I thought the dog acted well.

IF you like *O'Shaughnessy's Boy*, let me recommend *Scrooge*, where the emotionally infirm are even more constantly harrowed and the sprockets turn over at the slightly higher rate of three reels to the lachrymose gallon. Personally, I have never been able to take much interest in the generosities of scoundrels like old Scrooge at an age when present credit balance is of less importance than an overdraft in the world to come. To the alienist his case may be of some interest, though familiar. To the novelist it offers little more than the phenomenon, regularly recurring, presented by the man who does the Board of Inland Revenue in the eye for fifty years, then sends along, from his death-bed, a donation labelled "Conscience Money.—X.Y.Z." Belated fire insurance.

Not everybody, however, shares my view of the eminent scenarist, and there are thousands of parents who will make up family parties to see *Scrooge*, in the confident expectation that they will enjoy it and the children jolly well ought to, the ungrateful little brats! After all, it is very educational and improving, and Seymour Hicks does play Scrooge extraordinarily well, one cannot imagine a better Bob Cratchit than Donald Calthrop, and Henry Edwards has taken plenty of pains with Ye Olde Englysshe atmosphere.

WEE GEORGIE RAFT is not one of my favourites, but he has one great quality which is not so common as it should be. So many otherwise ornamental players look as if they were painted on the back curtain. They have length and breadth but no depth. You cannot help feeling that if you poked them with an experimental forefinger they would fall to the floor with a hollow crash. Mr. Raft has three dimensions. His physique is inadequate, which makes me wonder why his heroines must always be talking of him as "You great brute!"; his eyes are beady; his features (to me) not excessively endearing; but he *does* look real.

More especially as the gangster he plays in *Woman Tamer*. Mr. Raft as a hero, Mr. Raft as a big business man, Mr. Raft as a gigolo—these I cannot believe in; as a tough guy, willing to knock off anybody for a couple of "grand," he is completely credible. I understand that in actual fact Mr. Raft was a professional dance partner in New York before he rose to fame on the movies. One of his colleagues was also a bit of an actor—he called himself Rudolph Valentino. But Art is more exacting than Nature. On the screen he must be tough or unreal. Which is only another illustration of what Oscar Wilde meant when he wrote about the Truth of Shams.

CARL BRISSON used to be among my pet aversions. Put it down to lack of finer feelings, or jealousy of his flashing smile and curly hair and superabundant confidence, or just an antipathy to Bologna, sliced thick or thin—for his pictures have admittedly been pretty dreadful.

Now I have seen *Ship Café*, and I no longer think these wicked things. Properly directed, with amusing dialogue, Mr. Brisson proves to be as agreeable a fellow as you could wish to meet, with quite a pleasant voice and a wallop in either hand. And take particular note of Arline Judge, surely destined to be one of the most popular comediennes on the screen.

George Campbell is deputising for our film critic, Sydney Tremayne, who is ill at present, but hopes soon to return to work.

Howard Coster

Anthony Asquith

Film Director

Anthony Asquith has hoed a longish row in his film career, but he got to the end of it all right with "Moscow Nights," and the next one he starts on he'll have the public eye for company. "Moscow Nights" brought him right to the front as an English director; his handling of the great Russian outdoors (everyone would have liked more of that) suggests he might do for England what Eisenstein did for Mexico. He is thirty-three, the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith's youngest son, was educated at Winchester, Balliol (Scholar), and Hollywood, went into the film industry here in 1927, directed "Underground" a year later and various films since that no one noticed much, is called "Puffin," lives with his famous mother in Bloomsbury, and is seen about more often with her than with anyone else

Norman Parkinson

Leonora Corbett

Leonora Corbett is busy "Living Dangerously" at the moment; she has been chosen to play opposite Otto Kruger, visiting Dutch-American star, in the screen version of that play about two doctors and a woman in which Godfrey Tearle and Carol Goodner originally played lead. Her last film part was in the Tauber film, "Heart's Desire." She is also due to appear in "Dusty Ermine," a play by Neil Grant that's been on at the Arts Theatre and is waiting now for a West End home. It's also being filmed. Leonora Corbett is London-born, started dress-designing before she decided to go on the stage in 1927; her apprenticeship included a year at the Embassy Theatre, that excellent nursery for young talent and play discoveries; film-making she's been at since 1932

Pearl Argyle as the Fairy

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"Baiser de la Fée"

The New Stravinsky Ballet at Sadler's Wells

Photographs by Anthony

Fairy Disguises Herself as a Gipsy

EDERICK ASHTON'S new ballet to Stravinky's *Baiser de la Fée* is a lovely piece of work. as been received by its audience at Sadler's ls with high enthusiasm, and by the critics with red approval as his best composition, inven- nd sure, and as truly in the romantic Tchai- y tradition as the music, which is avowedly pired by the Muse" of the great Russian. story is a Hans Andersen one, about a young who, spellbound by the mysterious kiss of a when he was a baby, was beguiled by her from his chosen bride on his wedding day ng to the fairy for ever in the Eternal Dwellings. Argyle as the Fairy, in a part composed for round her, is perfect—lovely, strange, aloof, ith the touch of evil that the amorality of iries gives them in the eyes of humans. She Ashton's sometimes difficult problems with grace and restraint. The settings and dresses phie Fedorovitch, charmingly imaginative and , are very much part of the ballet's success

Harold Turner and Margot Fonteyn

Harold Turner as the Young Man and Margot Fonteyn as his Fiancée dance supremely well in their pas de deux that is the remembered zenith of the ballet. There is also a solo for the Bride which Margot Fonteyn, with her air of youthfulness and expectancy, makes infinitely appealing

Below: The Young Man and His Fiancée: Harold Turner and Margot Fonteyn Dance a Pas de Deux

NICKNAMES OF NOTABLES

What Their Friends Call Them

"WINKIE"

Mr. Michael Berkeley Portman is a racing man in his thirtieth year. An ornament of the "Sussex Fortnight" and other turf fixtures. He married the eldest of the three much-photographed Charles girls, and has two children. Father, Captain Portman, a great London landowner

"BIBS"

The Countess of Plymouth is a very lovable person, unaffected, unspoilt, conscientious. Has four small children and the right set of values. Was Lady Irene Corona Charteris, daughter of the 7th Earl of Wemyss

"NAPS"

Napier Sturt (got it?), 3rd Baron Alington, is thirty-nine, and chiefly known to current Mayfair as the husband of sweet-smiling Mary. Yesterday's Mayfair knew him as the brother of the original Lois Sturt (Lady Tredegar), but long before that he was a star turn on his own. Retains an admiring circle

Right: Mr. Walter Woollard Lawrence is Sir Walter Lawrence's tall, vague, eligible and very delightful son. Has brought his vagueness to a fine art. Friends don't believe that "Jim" is a nickname. They're wrong

"JIM"

"VAVA"

Mrs. Bertie Marion Crawford, inhabitant of Monte Carlo, is really Eva Barbara Edwina, and was a Stanhope of the Harrington branch. Naturally blonde and neat, she never misses anything in the Principality

"BUFFLES"

Sir John Charles Peniston Milbanke, 11th Baronet, lives in London with his lovely wife, but looks a sturdy North Country buck, older than his thirty-four years. Member of White's. Father got V.C., and was killed at the Dardanelles. Great-great-grandfather of 1st Baronet cup-bearer to Mary Queen of Scots

"WEENIE"

Mrs. Dudley Porter was Joan McLaren till the end of November. Her bridegroom was in the Scots Guards. Tall, much-admired brother Ivor is in all the Hulbert shows and films. She was on the stage for a bit, then kept a flower-shop. Plump and pleasant

"BOO"

Miss Patience Brand, 13-year-old half-sister of Lady Warwick, may prove another English Rose. Hunts with the Southdown and is perfectly turned out for this sport. Father the late "Jack" Brand, was a wonderful Coldstreamer — brave and manly

"MAIMIE"

Lady Mary Lygon, unlike most titled beauties, has only one name. A Junoesque figure and an exceedingly pretty face crowned with curly hair are hers, also an appetite for parties. Has three brothers and three sisters (only one married) and was twenty-five this year

"BUNTY"

Miss Sanchia Mary Soames is a pretty ex-deb who does her share of charity entertaining, including sherry-parties for committee-meetings. Took an up-and-doing interest in the St. Andrew's Eve Ball. Knows all the "right" boys and girls

Right: the Duke of Marlborough has four names before Churchill, four children (three girls), an imposing Duchess who was a Cadogan, and very high spirits. We envy him Blenheim, and are sorry he found so much to do there that his provision-shop in Berkeley Square got shut down. The lamb was lovely

"DERRY"

Sir Alexander Maitland Sharp Bethune, 10th Baronet, is a lively lad of nearly twenty-seven, with curly hair and a varied career. Was much en vue up at Cambridge, then worked dashed hard in the States, now does same in London advertising firm. Name pronounced Beeton (not to be confused with Cecil). Motto—"Débonnaire"

"BUZZ"

Miss Isabelle Rieben does not look like a crack golfer and is one. Goes to art school mornings. Tall and fair-haired

"DON"

The Marquess of Donegall's Christian names are unknown to even his nearest acquaintances. Edward Arthur Donald St. George Hamilton (family name Chichester) was born in 1903, when his father was eighty-one. Has been a Marquess for thirty-one years and a featured journalist for ten

Below: Mrs. Ian Campbell, a late November bride, was formerly married to Lord Huntingfield's brother, and is now likely to become the Duchess of Argyll. Pretty and much admired at resorts. Née Louise Clews, of good American birth, her background has been Continental

"WE-WE"

"BABS"

"GEORDIE"

The Duke of Sutherland, tall and blond, was christened George and is called by the Scots version of his name, which strikes Southerners as a nickname and Highlanders as the normal rendering. A shy Duke and a sweet character

"BENDOR"

The Duke of Westminster's nickname, derived from heraldry, was also the name of a famous racehorse. A great London landowner, a constant traveller, a keen lawn tennis player and a devoted father. His friends love him, which is more than can be said of most celebrities

"BOBO"

The Duke of Roxburghe, who had a semi-Royal wedding recently, comes into some of the Goelet millions. May become less shy and self-effacing as married man. Received four names before Innes-Kerr at christening in 1913

Left: S. Dobbin, the Ulster right wing three-quarter, intercepted while making a dash for the New Zealand line during the match at Belfast. Played in stormy weather, it ended in a draw of 3 points all

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Varsities in the Limelight

Right: a strenuous moment at Honor Oak Park during a line-out in the match between Guy's Hospital and the Army. It ended with a win for the latter by 14 points to 6

FOR once in a way we can put the All Blacks out of our minds. Something more important—I say this with due deference and respect for our visitors—looms on the horizon. The Varsity Match, to be precise, and I do not quarrel with those who regard this occasion as the most notable of the Rugby year.

No other match, in my opinion, has quite the same intensity about it, though I grant you that the Army and Navy produce fireworks, and England and Scotland mix it pretty freely. There is some quality about the Varsity match, though, difficult to define, but unmistakable, a fieriness which does not burn out skill, but illuminates it and gives us great football.

DO not rate me a sentimentalist if I suggest that youth has perhaps something to do with it. I will not romanticise the game unduly, but I like to reflect that it was the subject of one of the finest poems Sir John Squire ever wrote, a poem, moreover, which may be read in Vincent's or the Hawks with no uncomfortable squirmings. And, on the whole, this year's match promises to be as memorable as any that has gone before it.

Memorable because of the uncertainty with which even the most dogmatic critics must regard the probable outcome. On the one side we have Oxford, steady, sound, with an impressive record of consistent performance. On the other, we have Cambridge, inconsistent, though they beat the O.M.T.s very handsomely a short time ago, disappointing to those who saw them at the beginning of term as a great team in the making, but still, for all their tribulations, potentially a remarkable side.

THE general opinion, I think, must be that Oxford will win, and yet I have a feeling that Cambridge on the great day may strike their true form, and produce dominating football of the highest quality.

Oxford supporters may find one fact a little disturbing. The Oxford pack showed signs of staleness against Stanley's team a short time ago, and staleness is a most insidious enemy. Possibly they have overcome it now—golf at Eastbourne has a strangely recuperative effect—but we must remember that Cambridge are quite likely to reach the peak of condition at Twickenham.

I cannot believe, moreover, that the Cambridge forwards will fail to rise to the occasion. They may be out-scrummaged, but if they can give such runners as Cliff Jones, Wooller and Fyfe even occasional chances, Oxford will be in danger. What is more, I am always inclined to fancy the team which has been assured by all the prophets that it cannot possibly win. There is nothing more stimulating than a desire to put prophets in their places, and, contrariwise, nothing more liable to cause disaster than over-confidence.

There are, then, aspects of this particular match which make the outcome unusually doubtful. As I write, it is not certain whether K. C. Fyfe will play in the centre or on the wing, nor is the composition of the Cambridge pack finally decided.

Oxford, on the other hand, have altered their side hardly at all during the term. Their sole misfortune—a serious one—was the injury to K. L. T. Jackson, whose inspiring presence as captain they will sorely miss.

FOR all my caution, though, there is no denying the fact that this is a rattling good Oxford side. Its main virtue is teamwork, manifested in backing-up very much in the New Zealand manner, and uncommon quickness on man and ball. In defence Oxford move swiftly and cover excellently, and in attack they take their chances.

They are not, in my opinion, an outstanding attacking side, though A. Obolensky on the right wing is the fastest and possibly the most dangerous runner in either team. Their power lies in sustained pressure, and the capitalising of opponents' mistakes. Their forwards, well led and drilled by Cooper, are extremely competent, and I particularly like the look of Disney, Reid, Bloxham and Hughes, a back-row forward of uncommon ability.

McShane has speeded up at scrum-half, and Grieve at stand-off half is a beautiful footballer. Walford is a most promising centre, whose defence has greatly improved, and Harding is a strong runner and a tackler of unusual merit, as he proved against Stanley's team, when he repeatedly stopped the redoubtable Cranmer.

Altogether a sound side, in short, and it is because there is nothing flashy about Oxford that we see no reason why they should not bring their consistency to its logical conclusion by winning at Twickenham. It is, by the same token, illogical to suppose that Cambridge will suddenly work smoothly together for this particular game.

SUPPOSE, nevertheless, that the unexpected does happen, as it has so often happened before in the Varsity match, and we cannot deny that Cambridge have the more illustrious players. G. W. Parker is playing admirably at full-back, Fyfe is as good a footballer as any in the four countries, Wooller is potentially a great centre, and many people would rate Cliff Jones the most dangerous of all modern stand-off halves. There is an attacking nucleus which we are bound to respect.

The forwards are the unknown quantity, and it is quite on the cards that they will cut loose on Tuesday and violently disprove all the unkind things that have been said about them. Certainly two of them, W. B. Young and Dinwiddy, are outstanding players, and in the loose, at least, they will not be disgraced.

I cannot help feeling, for all that—and here personal opinion rashly breaks out—that soundness and team-work must on this occasion have their reward and carry Oxford to their twenty-eighth victory. Whether I have prophesied truly is a question to which you now have the answer.

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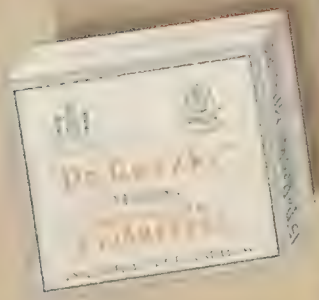

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Ecstasy—Cash Down

Sketch by John Pimlott

By Monica Ewer

"Bystander" Short Story No. 15

Then she pushed thought away from her and gave herself up to the delight of just being in his arms

MILLICENT FOSTER spoke in her authoritative way: "I have an instinct that the waiter will bring us boiled milk with the tea."

It was a perceptible moment before Nan answered, and during that moment she hated Millicent. Then she looked across at the crowded dancing floor, and reminded herself that but for Millicent's kindness and Millicent's two-seater she would never have come to Monte Carlo.

"I expect you 're right," said Nan at last, and managed a smile that curved the corners of her lips but did not touch her wide, brown eyes.

The trouble was that Millicent was always right. She was as accurate and as positive about the meaning of the universe as she was about the date of Plassy or the correct answer to a quadratic equation. Sometimes Nan had an unworthy desire to prove Millicent wrong—just once—and it was then that she had to remind herself that it was Millicent who had made this holiday possible.

And now, after three days of Monte Carlo, Nan was beginning to wish that she had never come: here where they knew no one, where they were just the spectators of other people's gaiety.

Perhaps it was all right for Millicent; she was more sensible. After all, Millicent was thirty-five, and for ten years she had taught the Wrexham sixth form. Millicent was quite happy gossiping about her "girls," reading mildly improving books, practising her French, and enjoying the thin, winter sunshine.

But Nan was only twenty-three. Already Wrexham had eaten some of her best years. One was young such a little while. It wasn't so bad during term time, in that busy community of women. You could tell yourself that teaching was a noble profession, drug yourself with detail, and exhaust yourself with work. But here—here it was different.

Nan looked across the room—that was all she ever did, look on at the others. The jazz band was playing softly, the dancing floor was crowded, there was an overtone of light laughter, people called to one another, young girls in smart absurdities, their faces painted like masks, elderly women in jewels and furs, slim, dark young men in fancy shoes, well-to-do Englishmen, unobtrusively correct, and here and there a pale French child, one of the kind that are allowed to drink wine and sit up too late at dinner.

Millicent looked on and felt superior and very British.

"Look at that man, Nan. A gigolo, I 'm sure."

"Where?"

She saw him now—the sleek, dark head, the regular features, the wide shoulders, the slim hips, the well-cut suit.

"Disgusting!" said Millicent cheerfully, and added: "The milk *is* boiled," thereby being "right" twice in one sentence.

Nan answered softly. "I think perhaps he was predestined, with a face like that."

She stared frankly at the stranger as if he were merely a feature of the show. So little part had she in this life that she had an absurd feeling that she was invisible. She was so preoccupied that she did, quite by mistake, what many another might have done on purpose—

she emptied the contents of her bag at his feet.

He looked at her once as one might look at a rather naughty little girl, a look of friendly amusement, and then, still smiling, he bent and gathered up her handful of money, her flapjack, her pencil, and her little, unopened plain white handkerchief.

"Oh, I 'm so sorry!" she murmured, and added with simple conviction: "I 'm such a fool."

His laughing eyes met hers as he solemnly handed her back her belongings. "Mademoiselle, believe me, it has often been done before and by very wise people. You have everything?" His accent was only faintly foreign, and his phrasing was easy.

"Oh, yes. Thank you so much."

"And now—may I have the pleasure of a dance?"

She looked up at him like a delighted child given an unexpected treat. "Oh, I 'd love that," she said simply, but she glanced doubtfully at Millicent, who had just produced a packet of postcards from her capacious handbag.

"Go ahead," said Millicent. "I want to write these."

"It 's a tango," he said, putting a hand under Nan's arm and drawing her towards the floor.

Suddenly she took fright. "I—I hope I dance well enough—for you. Because, you see, mostly I 've only danced with girls."

He looked down at her, puzzled. "Girls?" he echoed, enquiringly.

She nodded and began to explain. "Yes. You see, I teach in a big school. The girls dance every week—just among themselves."

He smiled as he slipped an arm around her. She was light and very adaptable. He piloted her with the utmost skill across the crowded little floor. She had never known before that dancing could be like this. For a moment she surrendered herself wholly to the sensation. At last, she was part of the gaiety.

"You must be very clever to teach in a school," he said, and again he looked at her with that tender smile of amusement.

"Oh, no. It 's just that I have a knack of passing exams."

"Why, you 're little more than a girl yourself. How do you exert your authority?"

Impulsively she told him a secret that, till now, had been locked in her heart. "I don't," she whispered confidentially. "You see, it 's a very strict school. The girls are used to doing what they 're told. They just go on obeying from force of habit."

"Perhaps," he said softly, "it is that you rule them by love."

With the word "love," a tiny shiver passed through her. She checked for a moment in the dance and missed a step. In a rush she remembered that Millicent had said that this man was a gigolo. That presented terrible problems. For a moment she was conscious of nothing but their enormity. If he were a gigolo he must be paid for this dance. *But when? How? And how much?*

She glanced up at him obliquely. He looked rich, she thought—much richer than herself. He must be paid large sums of money. And he looked proud. It must be done delicately. You couldn't buy a man as you bought a cup of tea. If only she knew the technique!

Her handbag was far away at the table where Millicent was so diligently writing picture-postcards. Nan remembered that she had ten francs in her purse. But was he paid by the dance or the afternoon? And how did one give it to him? Did one invite him to a drink and slip it under his plate? If only she had read the right kind of novels, instead of the very best literature!

The dance was ending. She heard the orchestra working up to the finale. The dreadful moment of decision was near at hand. They came to a standstill.

"We must have an encore," he said.

"Oh, yes."

Any postponement was welcome. But did that double his fee? Did one pay twice as much for two dances?

He was clapping. Others joined in. "Allons, Alphonse!" he called.

Of course, he would know the band leader. "You come here often?" Nan asked.

"Oh, just for the season. Ah, that 's it . . ."

The orchestra took up the tune again. His arm was round her. They did not speak. She abandoned herself to this physical delight. She considered her problem recklessly. No matter how or what she had to pay him, at last something had happened in her life. She had been given a part in the play.

Too quickly the precious minutes slipped away. This time the orchestra ended with a great air of finality, and people moved back to their tables.

As Nan stopped, she saw her partner greet someone across the crowded room.

"You will excuse me one moment," he said as he led her to her table. "I will come back."

He bowed, smiled, and left her beside Millicent and the picture-postcards.

"Well, how did you get on?" said Millicent, as placidly as one might to a child at a dancing class.

Nan's answer came in a rush of whispered words. For once she was glad that she was travelling with a fountain-head of wisdom. "Oh, Millicent!" she gasped. "If he is a gigolo, how on earth do I pay him and how much?"

Millicent considered the problem with no more emotion than if she had been asked how much to tip a waiter. "Well," she said judicially, "I certainly shouldn't give him more than ten francs."

"But how—*how*? I can't just hand him ten francs!"

Millicent, in the course of a long teaching career, had often dealt automatically with questions to which she did not know the answer. She was ready for this one. "You shake hands with him and just leave the money in his hand."

"Oh, I couldn't—and supposing he weren't——"

"Of course, he is," said Millicent. "Look at him now."

Nan's glance followed Millicent's across the room to where the young man was standing by the table of a middle-aged woman. A beautiful woman, dressed in black, with a silver fox at her throat and a row of evenly-matched pearls. Nan put her into the ten-thousand-a-year class.

"I see," she said obediently. It was a pity, but Millicent was always right.

"A woman old enough to be his mother. Disgusting! Look, she 's giving him something."

Nan watched eagerly. A lesson in technique. The woman had a little box. The young man pulled out a chair and sat down beside her. They were laughing together. The woman took out a wrist-watch and he nodded, took it, and fastened it on his wrist.

Nan suddenly felt a little pang. She was sorry that he was a gigolo. She had liked him a lot. Perhaps it was a stupid Anglo-Saxon prejudice, but she was sorry. So that was how rich women paid! She remembered now. She had read about it somewhere—gold links and cigarette-cases and watches. Then, at the end of the season, he would sell the lot. Nan peered into her bag. She had a five-franc piece and five loose francs. It looked terrible like that, and she didn't dare borrow any more from Millicent, because Millicent had said that ten francs was enough.

The music was starting again. Nan saw him leave the other woman and come across the room. He held out his hand, unceremonious and friendly.

"Come along. We mustn't miss this tune."

Ten francs! It was absurd! You couldn't buy this thrill for any money in the world. What price could be too high for ecstasy? Even the sight of the gold watch at his wrist could not quite dim her exultation. She thought of the other men she knew: the fat young German who came to the school every Thursday; and Millicent's brother, who was a Scout leader; and the earnest young man who had coached her for her biology finals. And she looked up at this other man, who moved like a hero and looked like a god—ten francs—how could one put a cash value on his attentions?

"You are so light and so little," he said.

She smiled, but she did not answer; her eyes were on his wrist, and she was thinking of all the middle-aged women with whom he had danced for the price of a gold watch.

He saw her look. "It has been repaired," he said.

She was sorry he told such a feeble lie. "I see," she murmured.

Then she pushed thought away from her and gave herself up to the delight of just being in his arms. She had stretched out a hand to snatch at life. She had been snubbed and slapped, but as she drew her hand away there was star dust on her fingers.

He bent towards her. "Do you realise I don't know your name?"

"Nan—Nan Howard."

The orchestra stopped. "Please," he said, drawing her hand through his arm. He led her down the room to the table where the middle-aged woman sat watching him with a possessive smile. There he halted. He bowed again with polite precision.

"Miss Howard, please may I present you to my mother, Madame de Noailles."

Nan saw the excellent lady through a mist of tearful gratitude. Someone had at last proved Millicent wrong.

THE END.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Trouser suits and skirts designed and tailored by Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus, are no longer regarded as a freak fashion of the few, but are being worn everywhere by discriminating golfers who realise that they are comfortable, practical and becoming. The trouser-suit worn by the figure on the left is made in navy blue worsted serge which is specially proofed. The coat has a convenient fastener down the front and is cut with a slim-fitting hip yoke, while the trousers are plain and admirably tailored. Check tweed in contrasting shades makes the skirt on the right, which buttons down the front, and costs 52s. 6d. It is open at the hem, but should not be confused with the trouser-skirt, which presents a similar appearance but has a special panel to hide the trouser effect. A cardigan shirt in a soft angora mixture and available in several becoming shades completes the scheme. It costs 35s., and so do the new wool pullovers or "shakers"

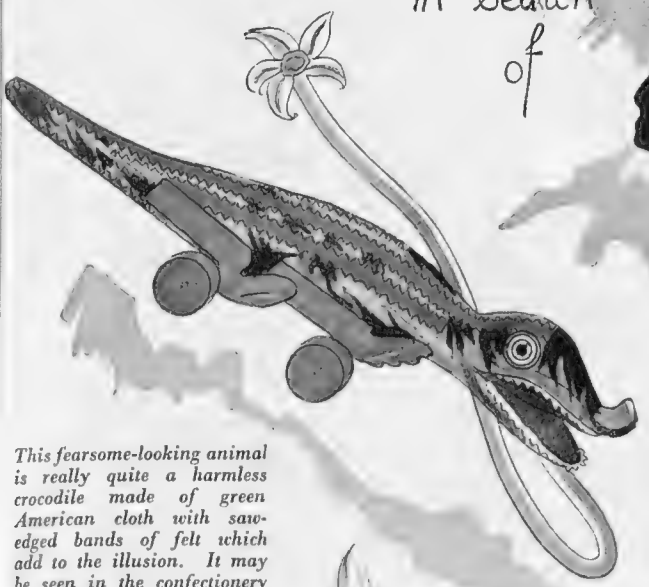
Spring Ensembles For Cruising and the Côte D'Azur

The question of clothes is important for people who are planning to spend a part of the winter months abroad. Something warm and yet summery in appearance is best for the South of France or cruising in the Mediterranean. With this in mind, Matita have designed the models on this page. The one above consists of a three-quarter-length coat in specially bleached off-white Scotch tweed, with a belt across the back, and extra-large patch pockets. A multi-coloured scarf and slit alabaster buttons add a finishing touch, while the skirt which accompanies it is perfectly plain, expressed in navy blue ripple cloth. The suit on the right is a study in blue and white Cumberland tweed. The finger-tip saunter coat has a turn-down collar and cuffs faced with navy blue cashmere to harmonise with the shirt blouse, which fastens with Chinese alabaster buttons

Philip Harben

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

Discovered by Peta; Pictured by Pam



This fearsome-looking animal is really quite a harmless crocodile made of green American cloth with saw-edged bands of felt which add to the illusion. It may be seen in the confectionery department at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, and costs 15s. 6d. Children will love it as it runs on wheels

Children adore fluffy toys and will enjoy a visit to the menagerie assembled at Fortnum and Mason. A caricature of a French bull-dog is seen above. Unfortunately, his pedigree is not quite what it should be, as his fur is that of a schnauzer, but he only costs 17s. 6d.

Unbreakable dolls have never been more fascinating than they are this year. Many of them are dressed in national costume, like this one, who represents a Spanish dancing girl. Arrayed in vivid contrasting colours with a silk shawl, she costs 37s. 6d. at Harrods

A rocking-horse has always been a great favourite in the nursery, both with boys and girls. This one is made of painted wood and springs up and down as the child moves, pushing with its feet. From the Toy Fair at Harrods, Knightsbridge, it only costs 12s. 6d.

Sphinx-like and mysterious is the opium-smoker on the left. His shirt is made of striped felt in blue and orange, and forms a bag containing delicious sweets. His companion on the right is a native of the jungle, and costs 16s. 6d. They may be seen at Fortnum and Mason, together with numerous other original toys

Here is the perfect toy for a small child who has just learnt to walk and delights in dragging its toys across the floor. "Dr. Duck" moves on wheels, quacking loudly as he goes. He costs 6s. 11d. and may be seen at Harrods

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Antony Knebworth: By A. G. Macdonell

Peggy Evans

Is the daughter of Mr. Charles Evans, the chairman of the famous publishing house of William Heinemann, Ltd. Her coming-of-age was celebrated at the end of last month

"ANTONY" (Peter Davies; 9s.) is a most moving, most inspiring, most tragic book. It is moving, for it is a father's record of his dead son; inspiring for the personality of the gay, reckless, eager youth which it reveals; and tragic for the untimely loss of a man who might easily have become one of the leaders of the future. Antony Knebworth, heir to the Earl of Lytton, was killed in an aeroplane accident in May 1933, at the age of twenty-nine, while piloting his own machine. In *Antony* Lord Lytton writes no long chapters of praise. He is content to let his son's letters show what manner of man the writer was. The revelation is quite astonishing. Lord Knebworth was given many gifts by the high Olympian gods. Heir to a peerage of a famous family, handsome, strong, a magnificent athlete, healthy, he might so easily have taken the easy line of least resistance and assumed his natural place in the Eton-Oxford jeunesse dorée after the war. The place was open for him and his generation as it had never been before. Their elders were all dead. The world was empty. But Knebworth was not that sort. His restless, eager mind was always at work, analysing, observing, introspecting, worrying about deep problems and enquiring into fundamental causes. He was a sound but not brilliant scholar, but he knew instinctively far more about human philosophy than men with ten times his brains. And his vitality was almost terrifyingly superabundant. He ski-ed and skated and climbed mountains and boxed and raced and flew and shouted and sang and poured himself, his whole self, into these wonderful letters to his father and mother and his friends. It was characteristic that cricket bored him, whereas he fell wildly in love with "Rugger" at first sight. He disliked Society balls, but adored being in a ring with a man who was trying to hit him with both hands. He found the Casino at Monte Carlo dull and dowdy, and his whole life was revolutionised by watching the great C. E. W. Mackintosh on skis. Nevertheless, with all this furious speed of living, he could settle down to hard, routine office work as a director, and later as vice-chairman of the Army and Navy Stores. Whatever he set himself to do, he did it with all his might. "Of that flower of youth," Lord Lytton writes, "which perished in the Great War he had written, 'When they were dead they were great.' His own death was as much in the service of his country as theirs had been, although no enemy hand had struck him down." *Antony* is a noble monument to one who was a real Athenian, the embodiment of half-triumphant, half-modestly doubting youth.

THOSE intricate devisers of plots and counter-plots, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. H. Cole, have been at it again. *Scandal in School* (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is a highly original murder-story. It is original, not only in the setting and in the character of the murderee, but also in the fact that the authors have concentrated with most admirable success upon the subsidiary problem of endowing each of the minor figures with a separate and recognisable identity. So many detective-writers are content to provide a corpse, a man from Scotland Yard, and a cast-iron alibi, and leave all the rest as wooden puppets. Not so the Coles. Their book is not only a first-class murder-story, but a grand gallery of portraits as well.

MR. ANTONY ARMSTRONG is modestly described on the jacket of his newest collection of comic essays, *Thoughts on Things;* (Methuen; 6s), simply as "A. A. of *Punch*." Surely he is known to countless myriads, to whom that delectable journal is but a visionary dream, as the author of *Ten-Minute Alibi*, that gorgeous thriller. However, that is an affair between himself and his publisher. His latest Thoughts are full of fun and wit. I especially liked his notes on Dial Telephones, and his Fable about the young sub-lieutenant and the sextant is quite brilliant. You could dine out on it for several days if you hurry and buy a copy of the book before everyone else buys it, and before I get asked out to dinner again.

Lady Muriel Beckwith

Is the author of a new cookery book which contains recipes collected from friends on both sides of the Atlantic. In addition, there are many recipes given to her by Rousseau, who was chef at her family's seat at Goodwood

THE trouble about *Sea Saga* (Gollancz; 18s.) is that it is so thrilling a book that it is impossible to begin to do it justice in a short review. It consists of extracts from the diaries of four generations of naval King-Halls, edited by Louise King-Hall. The first entry concerns a squadron fitting out at Kronstadt in the year of Austerlitz; the last entries are written on board the super-dreadnought Ramillies in 1917. What a century of naval development is covered by these plain, blunt entries! Don John of Austria with his oared galleys of 1571 might easily, in certain conditions, have put up a very good fight against Nelson. The Ramillies could have blown the combined fleets of Nelson and Don John to blazes without losing a single man. It is an interesting and significant commentary upon the amazing activities of the Royal Navy, of which the public hears practically nothing, that whereas Britain only engaged in two wars between 1815 and 1914 against Powers that possessed any sort of fleet at all, nevertheless these men were frequently in action, bombarding Algiers or fighting at Canton, or chasing slavers off Zanzibar. The "set-piece," so to speak, is Commander Stephen King-Hall's vivid description of Jutland.

HERR ARNOLD ZWEIG is a powerful novelist, and in his *Playthings of Time* (Secker; 7s. 6d.) he shows himself to be an excellent writer of short stories, but he shows himself to be but an indifferent student of history when he can suggest that the German line in the West was pierced by "the third or fourth thousand very useful American tanks, the sixth or seventh thousand American airmen." The German line in the West was smashed to pieces by the French and the British, who were able to throw in their last reserves because the might of America was arriving. However, I suppose Herr Zweig must pretend, as a good German, that Germany was not defeated in the field.

These stories are sombre reading. One is about the terrible Russian front, and two are about the campaign against Serbia, and there are tales which have the hideous chaos of post-war Germany for a background. On the whole, I liked best the sad little tale of the conscript-barber who worked out mathematically the exact day on which the war was going to end, but got it exactly three years too soon. Herr Zweig writes with a fine sense of economy in words.

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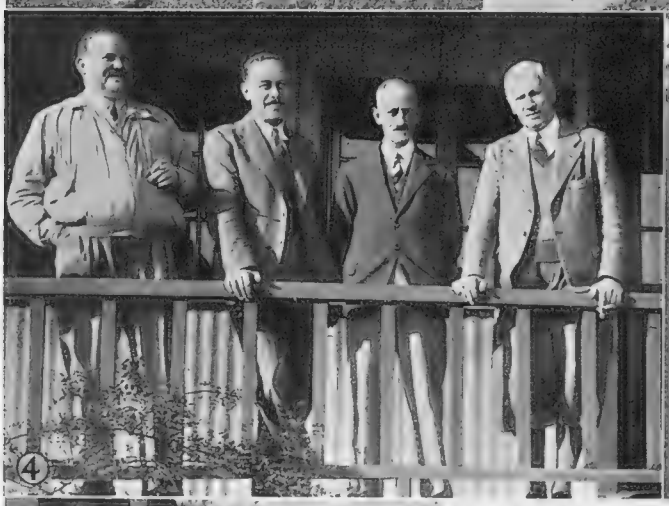
A View of the Club-house



Golf Clubs At Home

Grims Dyke, Hatch End

(1) F. S. Mortimer and Percy Pratt (president). (2) T. H. Warburton (ex-captain and committee-man), Dr. Mungo Park (committee-man) and L. W. G. Perkins. (3) H. B. Benson and E. A. J. Heath (captain). (4) E. Hitchings (steward), Major T. J. Knowles, G. Howard Jones and Major Shepperd Smith (secretary). (5) J. A. Picknell, R. R. Carrington, V. G. Hughes and J. Valentine. (6) V. Richards, W. E. G. Vaughan, R. Gordon Wilson and R. A. Shambrook. (7) A. H. M. Jacob and A. J. Newman

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Wind and the Rain

Above: W. I. E. Thorburn (Oxford), H. Longhurst and E. F. Storey (Addington), and K. N. Fisher (Oxford) setting out for their foursome, which the Addington pair won by one hole

Right: Rex Hartley and Robert Sweeny, Junr., played for Addington against J. O. H. Greenly and A. D. Duncan, and won another match against Oxford by one hole. Oxford lost all their foursome matches, and all the singles, except one halved, the total being 17 — 0 against them

Addington Play Oxford University

I HAVE received the following letter from the captain of the League side which did not finish its match against Cambridge University owing to rain:

MY DEAR JOHN—I should like to reply to the rebuke which you administer to me in the BYSTANDER of November 27th. I think I am right when I say that you level criticism at me under three main heads: (1) that another match had to be cancelled because of the League match versus Cambridge University; (2) that the second day's play was cancelled at my wish; and (3) that I failed in my duty to the Cambridge side by acting as I did. I would like to answer these three criticisms, two very briefly and the third at some length. In answer to (1) I would point out that the date of the League match had been fixed for a very long time, and that therefore the manager of the other match of which you speak must have been very ill-informed to have selected that date. To (2) I would like to say simply that your statement is incorrect, as I had no strong feeling either way and merely consulted the general opinion. To (3) I would like to make a more detailed reply. First, the League were the visitors, and, as such, in a different position to a London Club entertaining a University side. Secondly, the fourteen members of that side had already packed their suit-cases and were faced with at least a sixty-mile drive; had they got wet, they would have had to unpack their dry clothes, change, and repack wet ones; and lastly, twenty-eight caddies would have been soaked, with nothing into which to change. I think you will admit that a visiting captain has things to consider in addition to the problematical desire of his opponents to play. Yours sincerely,

(*Sgd.*) RAYMOND OPPENHEIMER.

YOU may remember that in my article in the issue of the BYSTANDER of November 27th I expressed surprise that play on the second day of the match between Cambridge University and the League was abandoned owing to rain. I also wrote that it was unfortunate that if the course had been available another match would have taken place on the same day. This other match was to have been played at an earlier date, but could not take place owing to circumstances over which no living man had control, so Oppenheimer's insinuation that the manager of this other match was ill-informed is not justified. Oppenheimer writes that my statement that the second day's play was cancelled by his wish is incorrect, and that play was cancelled after he had consulted the general opinion; but even then the final responsibility must be on the captain.

Francis Ricardo and the Hon. Michael Strutt were another Addington pair; they played J. F. Clark and C. I. Ramsden, and beat them by one hole

If, in the Navy, a navigating officer runs one of H.M.'s ships aground, the captain, who may have little knowledge of navigation, incurs the displeasure of the Lords of Admiralty to just as great an extent as the navigating officer.

The Cambridge captain informed me that he wished play to take place, and was, to say the least, disappointed that the match was cancelled, and played rounds himself after the visiting team had departed.

The fact that the League was the visiting team and, consequently, the members of it, if wet through, would have had to change before motoring sixty miles home does not impress me in the least. The University golf teams on numerous occasions in their matches against London clubs get soaked to the skin and afterwards very often have to motor more than sixty miles back to what should be the scene of their studies.

IT was a very kindly thought of Oppenheimer's to show so much consideration to the caddies, but in my opinion the caddies are in a better position than the players, as they usually live in the vicinity of the course (they certainly do at Mildenhall), and either walk or bicycle home.

On the particular day in question I played three times round the nine-hole course at Mildenhall in waterproof clothing, and did not find it necessary to change on my return to the club-house. [Knowing the author's storm kit, I can well believe it!—ED.]

You will often find the Free Foresters or other cricket teams play against schools in conditions under which play in county matches would not take place. I can remember a few years ago seeing H. E. Taylor arrive at the golf club at Sunningdale carrying two sets of clubs and a large suit-case. When I asked him why he was carrying two sets of clubs, he replied that in the vile weather conditions prevailing at the time he did not think that the clubs with which he played in the morning would be fit for play in the afternoon, and that, consequently, he had one set for the morning play and another complete set for the afternoon.

Raymond Oppenheimer is a very enthusiastic golfer, but I feel quite sure he was even keener when he played for Oxford.

If, in his Oxford days, he had travelled a long way to play against one of the London clubs, and then found the "home" team refuse to play because it was raining, I wonder what he would have said and thought? The young nearly always want to play when it is at all possible, and those who accept invitations to play against schools or Universities should be prepared to put themselves to some personal inconvenience to play if the ground is playable. I certainly think that what Oppenheimer pleases to call my "rebuke" was fully justified.

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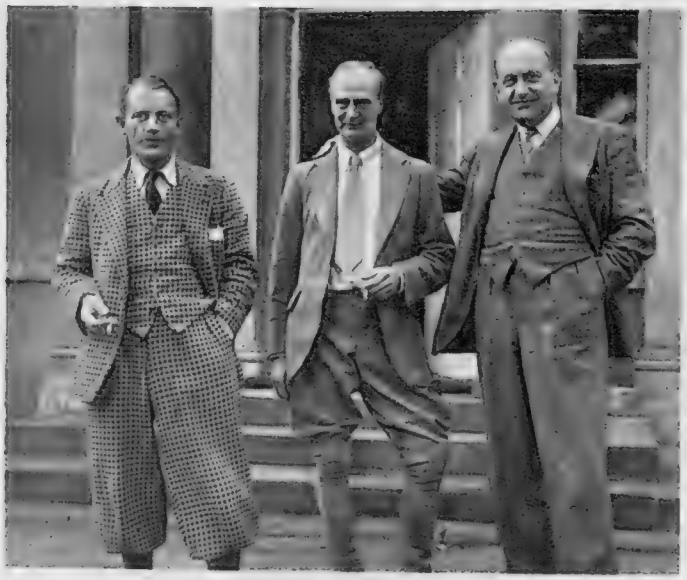

Three Brains of the Aircraft Industry: Francis St. Barbe, sales director of de Havillands; "Bob" Blackburn, chairman and managing director of the Blackburn Aeroplane Company at Brough, on the Humber; and, on the right, "H. P.", otherwise F. Handley Page, best-known for his Slots

Ocean Flight: By Charles Ward

Dodging the Waves

How many people have said: "I would travel more often if it were not for the Channel, or for that ocean crossing"? Sea-sickness, which means acute discomfort, is a very real deterrent to travel, and this fact explains in part the popularity of the air way. Ships do not avoid storms; nor do they go slow so that passengers may enjoy themselves. In the air, it is possible to rise above the rough weather, which is the reason that passengers to Paris by Imperial Airways so often have a smooth journey, whilst their less enterprising friends are being rolled all over the Channel in a boat. Some years must pass before the North Atlantic is safe for passengers by air; but that it will be robbed of its terrors there is no doubt. South of the Equator, the Graf Zeppelin has crossed no fewer than 500 times, and it is a fact that passengers have been unable to secure berths on several occasions during last summer. The Americans have commenced their conquest of the Pacific—the "China Clipper" arrived at Manila from San Francisco one hour ahead of schedule, after its first commercial flight over 8000 miles of ocean. The mail totalled more than 100,000 letters. Including the return flight so far completed, average speed has been 140 miles an hour, easily a record for regular transport by flying boat. It's a short hop from the Philippines to Hong Kong, where Imperial Airways have linked-up from Singapore so by 1937 there should be connections by air completely round the world.

Progress by Air

The number of aircraft with a certificate to fly has increased nearly twenty-five per cent. during the year to date. Private aircraft, divided according to Lloyds and the British Corporation Register into "male" and "female," have remained practically the same in numbers, but there has been a tremendous increased holding by proprietors of taxis, schools, and joy-riding concerns. On November 15th, 470 machines were registered under this heading, with 148 in the hands of constructors, and 144 belonging to clubs. Imperial Airways' fleet has nearly doubled itself in the year, although a small part of the increase is accounted for by aircraft under construction. The new types for service in Europe and on the Empire routes are on view in model form in the Science Museum, where the Empire's Airway Exhibition is open to the public until the end of January. This display of models and photographs is quite unique—the visitor is shown the interior of the new flying sleepers, and I must say the prospect appears very alluring. Traffic control by wireless and night lighting at Croydon, are illustrated by working models, whilst the ideal airport for land 'planes and seaplanes is laid out with great ingenuity and skill. The Exhibition was declared open by the Secretary of State for Air, Lord Swinton, who, in a happy speech, made reference to the splendid record of Imperial Airways and to their plans for 1937, when all first-class letter mail will be carried to and from Australia and South Africa at ordinary rates.

Women's Golf:

Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Phyllis Wade at St. Pancras, where the British Touring Team made their London landing from New Zealand and Australia. The rugs are mementos of the winning of the Australian Foursomes Championship

Welcome Back!

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

If ever there were a good advertisement for Empire travel, a vindication of the L.G.U. policy of sending a touring team to our Dominions, it was to be found at St. Pancras Station the other day, when our travellers arrived back from Australia and New Zealand.

It would have been difficult to picture five people (Miss Pam Barton is arriving home with relations, via California, just before Christmas) looking more entirely healthy, happy, or fuller of the wonderful time they have had, the unbounded kindness, hospitality and charm of the people they had visited, and the beauties of the countries they had seen.

One could have been tempted to wish that each had been labelled with her achievements: Mrs. J. B. Walker, Australian Championship; Miss Jessie Anderson, New Zealand Championship; Miss Wade and Mrs. Greenlees, Australian Foursomes Championship, not to mention all the minor titles and honours acquired by them, and the Federal Territory Championship by Miss Pam Barton. And their story as a team is good beyond belief, every match won, only one individual game lost—surely an amazing achievement when you consider the unknown courses, the distances travelled, the pressure at which they lived, always in the public eye, always adapting themselves to fresh conditions and fresh people, and universally making friends wherever they went.

That means a lot. Among other things, it means that the L.G.U. selection committee, who often come in for so much abuse, in this case had done their job supremely well. They had not only to send first-class players who could be trusted to play sound golf in sound style, and go on playing it over nearly three months of strenuous living, but those who would also be charming ambassadors, capable of appreciating all that was done for them so wholeheartedly, without stint of funds, personal kindness or trouble, and of showing their appreciation. They had also to find a captain who would weld five dissimilar and comparatively strange-to-each-other units into a congenial, harmonious team. In Mrs. Philip Hodson they found just such a captain, and in the team's devotion to her, and in hers to them lay undoubtedly one of the reasons why the tour has been such an unqualified success.

The half of it has not been told us yet, those splendid despatches from Mrs. Hodson notwithstanding. Perhaps there will be a chance before the winter is out for more to be heard, if possible by spoken, rather than written, word. We want to hear what the standard of golf in these Dominions really is; which of the players from there are nearest the standard of our best; when we may hope to see any of them over here again; what the courses are like in greater detail.

Meanwhile, we in the Old Country are grappling with problems of all sorts, some of which will have to be considered in the light of Dominion golf as well as of home conditions. This amateur business, in particular, is one that must get settled on the right lines, for one fancies that it may have a very vital bearing, in the golfing sense, on our future dealings with our Dominions as well as with other countries. Money is no more plentiful elsewhere than here; the better golf becomes, the more expensive it is to

(*Continued on page* viii)

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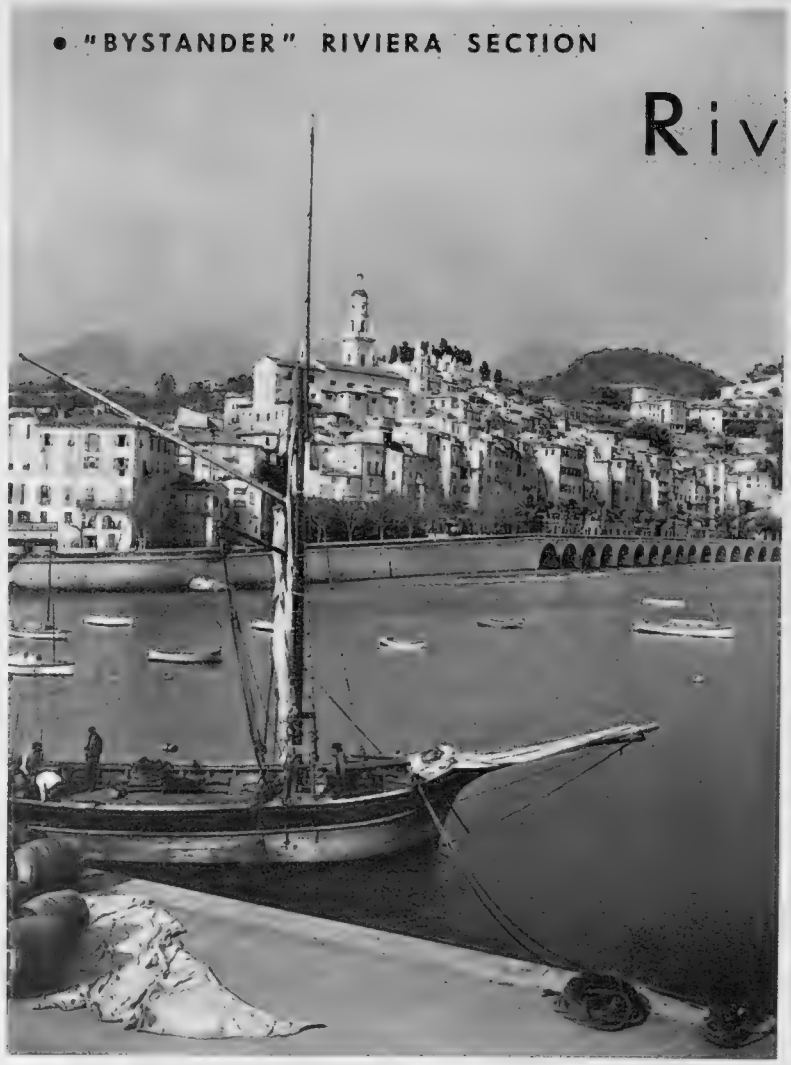
• "BYSTANDER" RIVIERA SECTION

Riviera A B C

By Richard Nowell



The Capital of a Principality: an unfamiliar view of Monte Carlo, looking towards the beach, with the end of the famous Casino Gardens visible in the foreground
(Reproduced by Courtesy of the P.L.M.)

Nearest to Italy: a charming view of old Menton, the last resort on the French Riviera, as is indicated by the distinctly Italianate flavour of its architecture. Modern Menton is becoming a very gay place, and the new Casino has proved a popular innovation
(Reproduced by Courtesy of the P.L.M.)

Cannes: the mountains are the Esterel, and their wide sweep of this bay is one of the "sights" of the Riviera. Cannes is the scene of a brilliant regatta every winter

A *stands for* Antibes

Approved by the illustrious. Summer saw the Prince of Wales in this neighbourhood, staying at Lord Cholmondeley's villa. Inevitable winter influx may be anticipated as a result along the coast from Cannes to Golfe Juan. They say more Americans are coming over to sun themselves after a five years' draught.

B *stands for* Beaulieu

Brilliant with flowers (especially bougainvillæa). The Duke of Connaught had his villa here, and the garden is famous as one of the finest on the whole Riviera.

B also stands for Bandol, right at the western end, between Toulon and Marseilles. A coming place. But not quite there yet. Best at about Easter-time, when the spring is in full swing.

And yet again. B stands for Beuil, where one may go for an occasional winter-sports interlude. See also Peïra Cava.

C *stands for* Cannes and Cavalaire

Cavalaire to-day is rather like what Cannes must have been a hundred years ago: small, unassuming, charming, with trees coming right down to a sandy beach—and a hotel whose proprietor has a pretty taste in gastronomics. From the kitchens here once issued the immortal, if revolutionary, pronouncement: "*Les gens qui disent qu'il faut du beurre à la cuisine sont des ignares.*" And the meal which followed seemed to prove it true.

Cannes to-day only resembles Cavalaire in one thing: there 's no noise. It 's forbidden. Wireless, motor klaxons, street-singers—all muzzled (only metaphorically, though). One can listen to other people's conversations in perfect comfort anywhere. Cannes had a summer boom this year, culminating in the August Motor-Boat Racing Week, controlled by a committee with as fine a crop of international titles as if it had been harvested from the Vienna Congress. Distinguished visitors ranged from the Queen of Italy to Mr. Churchill, with his paints. It 's too early yet to predict personalities for the winter season, but booms once begun generally run their course. Anyway, last spring Lady Rothermere was building a new villa here. The February Regatta never fails to bring the Danish Royal Family out into the open.

Cagnes-sur-Mer is where Nice has its golf club. Baron de Bellet is its president and Phillips Oppenheim its vice-president.

D *stands for* Draguignan

Distressed by a dragon (some time ago). The Bishop of Antibes slew it in A.D. 541, and since then nothing much has happened. It is an inland town.

E *stands for* Eze

Easy of access, although perched on top of a rock. Ruined castle. Tumbledown

(Continued on page 484)

The French Riviera

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And though Estoril is off the beaten track, it's quite easy to reach—only 25 minutes from Lisbon. Cruise to Lisbon from London—the passage costs only six pounds—and have four bright days at sea, or come by rail via Paris. *But come!*

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ESTORIL

village. Most people are content to look at it from the Corniche as they drive by. And they are quite right.

E stands for Esterel as well—the mountains behind which the winter sun sets when you are at Cannes. Very pretty. And good for walkers, or anybody wanting a rest from the "salles dorées" of the resorts. Gilt is laid on pretty thick towards the eastern end of the Riviera.

F *stands for* Fréjus

Fraught with interest for archæologists. Also frozen by the mistral from time to time. Has all the stock ingredients of the archæological pie: Roman amphitheatre (very large), twelfth-century cathedral built on remains of earlier temple, and a "Musée d'Antiquités." But not much else.

G *stands for* Grasse

Growing flowers to make perfume. A picturesque industry in a picturesque setting, although not quite so picturesque as the idea implies, perhaps. But the country round about is magnificent. Ideal for motor drives.

H *stands for* Hyères

Halcyon days for golfers (there are two courses) and a climate that suits the rheumatic. A place where strawberries are ripe when they are still green everywhere else.

I *stands for* Islands

Interesting (*sic*) to tourists. There are Porquerolles and Port Cros off the Rade d'Hyères, and the Lèrins off the Pointe de la Croisette. Slightly morbid historical interest attaches to the last-named. Marshal Bazaine, the man who lost the Franco-Prussian War, was imprisoned there and made a successful getaway. Tourists are also told about the Man in the Iron Mask.

The Garden of the Riviera: Beaulieu is justly famous for the luxuriance of its vegetation and the profusion of its flowers. The Duke of Connaught had his villa here
(*Reproduced by Courtesy of the P.L.M.*)

The Seventh City of France: Nice, with its wooded background of hills, has some lovely villas, and is a delightful place for a long stay
(*Reproduced by Courtesy of the P.L.M.*)

J *stands for* Juan-les-Pins

Juvenile in years, most sophisticated in character of all the fashionable places. At its best in summer. But in winter, also, it offers those who are looking for it the opportunity of spending quite a lot of money quite unobtrusively.

K *stands for* ———

The only thing I can think of that K stands for is a cabaret and bar in Monte Carlo.

L *stands for* Le Lavandou

Little known, and quiet, like its neighbour, Cavalaire.

Gateway to Bloomsbury: the fishing village of St. Tropez, where artists from England go about looking more like fishermen than the fishermen themselves
(*Reproduced by Courtesy of the P.L.M.*)

M *seems to stand for the Majority of Places*

In the east—Monte Carlo, Mont Agel, Menton, Cap Martin, Mougins, Mandelieu. In the west—St. Maxime, Monts des Maures, Marseilles.

Monte Carlo 's the top. If you want glamour, find it here, wherever you look. This year names like Toscanini, Kreisler, Elisabeth Schumann are figuring in the music programmes. The Principality doesn't do things by halves. Go at the beginning of the season, and at the Sporting Club you 'll hear again the once familiar strains of Ambrose and his Band; go late, and you 'll probably see, at the theatre, de Basil's Russian Ballet, back from America. Sacha Guitry will be there in January. So, for that matter, will the Motor Rally people. The Principality certainly doesn't do things by halves.

Mont Agel is Monte Carlo's golf course. Few mountain-tops have been put to this particular use. But the course is an excellent one, and deservedly popular.

Menton is good too. Only in a different way. It used to be quiet, old-fashioned. More a place for villas than for hotels. Now it 's blossoming out. First evidence of this is the new Casino, a very impressive affair, just about to enter on its second season. Hotels have come into tune with the times. Shops are good, cinemas are good. . . . English people have been coming here long enough for English tastes to be well understood. Also, the "character" of Menton is quite its own. It 's the nearest town to the Italian frontier, and "atmosphere" is something that Sanctions can't stop coming across.

Next, Cap Martin. A good bit of scenery between Monte Carlo and Menton. Incidentally, all this part of the Corniche is now so well lit that driving along it is as easy by night as by day. Easier, perhaps. The scenery doesn't distract you.

Next, Mougins, site of the Cannes Country Club, of which Lord Derby is president.

(*Continued on page 486*)

THE MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1935-36

DEC. 1, 1935	Musical Season opens with a Festival of French Music. RICHARD STRAUSS, KREISLER, RACHMANINOFF, LOTTE LEHMANN AND ELIZABETH SCHUMANN will appear during the Season, which lasts until April, in addition to those artistes specifically mentioned below
DEC. 5–JAN. 19	Monte Carlo Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas. (During January M. SACHA GUITRY will give several special performances.)
DEC. 22	Hotel de Paris—Opening Gala of the Winter Season.
DEC. 23–29	Monte Carlo Country Club—Christmas Tennis Tournament.
DEC. 24	INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB OPENS. AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
JAN. 1, 1936	GALA CONCERT CONDUCTED BY TOSCANINI.
JAN. 3	Piano Recital by M. Vladimir Horowitz.
JAN. 13–19	Monte Carlo Country Club—Tennis Championships.
JAN. 16–25	INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT (at the Sporting Club).
JAN. 18	Classical Concert with M. Gregor Piatigorsky.
JAN. 20	Grand Concert with M. Gregor Piatigorsky.
JAN. 20–26	FIFTH INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Principality of Monaco (at the Condamine Tennis Club).
JAN. 22	Classical Concert, with M. Jacques Thibaud.
JAN. 24	Violin Recital by M. Jacques Thibaud.
JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA—SEASON OPENS WITH WAGNER'S "RING," IN GERMAN, BY THE BAYREUTH OPERA, UNDER FRANZ VON HOESSLIN. (Amongst other distinguished singers who will be heard during the Opera Season are LILY PONS, AUTORI AND CHALIAPINE.)
JAN. 29	Gala of Modern French Music, with Mme. Ida Rubinstein.
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the middle of February.)

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s. Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d. Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.

30-day tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
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At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.

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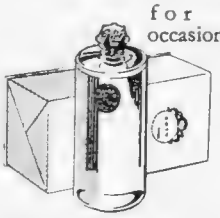
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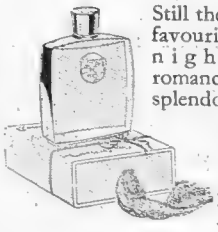
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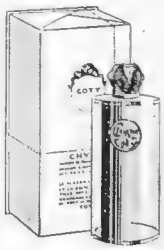

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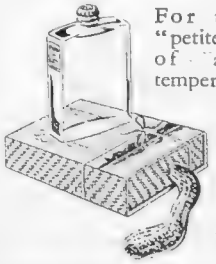
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C.F.H. 69

Next, Mandelieu. Also close to Cannes. Scene of aeroplane arrivals and smart race-meetings. The January one is among the big "events" of the season.

Next, Ste. Maxime. A good way to the west. Small, but gives the impression of being larger. Quietish, but with an adequate supply of amenities.

Next, the Monts des Maures. Worth a star in *Baedeker*, although they don't get one. It is at least admitted, though, that they "offer a good deal of fine scenery." They run behind Hyères and Ste. Maxime, supplying a background to those resorts. The main-line train burrows underneath most of them.

Finally, Marseilles—but most of us know as much as we want to about Marseilles, which, taken all in all, is a good deal. In any case, you don't have to change trains there unless you want to.

N *stands for* Nice

Nasty at no time. On the contrary, invariably delectable. It sets about the winter season with verve and élan. The local speciality is an annual International Military Horse Show. There is apparently some chance that a British team may take part this year. The Promenade des Anglais can always be relied upon for a good show of "types" (French word), both English and almost every other nationality. Nice, like Monte Carlo, has an opera season, and will be having a Spring Music Festival, too. The Municipal Casino is the biggest of its kind in Europe, and its amusement facilities include a twice-daily variety programme.

A Corniche landmark: the old-time stronghold of Eze, half-way between Monte Carlo and Nice. Its castle is now a picturesque ruin
(Reproduced by Courtesy of the P.L.M.)

O, *Unfortunately Doesn't Appear to stand for Anything*

P *stands for* Peïra Cava

Plentifully supplied with snow. Winter sports blend well with Riviera weather, just as ice does with hot chocolate sauce. And the Alpes Maritimes are as good as any other Alps. Excellent ski-ing. Same applies to Beuil and St. Martin Vésubie.

Q (See O)

R *stands for* St. Raphael

Remembered with pleasure by everybody who ever went there looking for a place that was neither too quiet nor too gay. The first resort of the Riviera proper, it has much of the charm of the others without quite all their "mondanité."

S *stands for* Sospel

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T *stands for* St. Tropez

Training-camp for artists. One trips over their easels about every twenty yards. It does what it can to live up to their paintings and is almost aggressively picturesque, with a red-sailed fishing fleet to provide background. St. Maxime can be reached by motor-boat in about ten minutes, but unless the day is a calm one it is liable to seem a good deal longer.

U (See Q)

V *stands for* Val d'Esquières, Valescure and Vence

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W, X, Y, Z (See U)

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An island that likes to be visited: the castle on the Ile St. Honorat, which tourists must not miss

Notes About the South

Some Miscellaneous Information

An appendix rarely consults its owner's convenience. Even on the Riviera, where every prospect pleases, it may suddenly want taking out. If it does, the knowledge that there is an English Nursing Home at Menton will no doubt be very comforting. The Louise, it is called, and it is situated in a lovely position, on the way from Menton to Cap Martin. It is, of course, open all the year round, and has every provision, both medical and surgical, for the care of invalids. There is a wide choice of English and French doctors at all the resorts along the coast, who attend the Nursing Home.

"Going there is better fun than getting there," was a characteristic reflection on life by A. A. Milne, about ten years ago. No doubt it is truer of life than of railway journeys . . . but going to the South of France is as pleasant as any journey can be. And starting on a Monday or a Saturday, with a thirty-day ticket, costs thirty per cent. less than starting on any other day. There is also a twenty-five per cent. reduction on the first- and second-class Wagons-Lits and Pullman Supplements in France for holders of these tickets. For the return journey there are no restrictions.

Thomas Cook's know as much about the Riviera as they do about most other places—which is rather more than anybody else. They can tell you, down to the smallest detail, what are the merits of one resort as against the merits of another; and they can tell you all you want to know respecting the available means of travel—rail, sea and air. The sea-passage to Marseilles can be very pleasant, but it takes time, of course, and the Bay of Biscay is sometimes rather less stable than the P.L.M. permanent way. However, Cook's will help you to make up your mind—except for being able actually to predict the direction and strength of the wind.

Monaco, it must be remembered, is an independent State, with a Government of its own; so that when the French Government decides to extend the validity and increase the cost of the "carte d'identité," which people making a very long stay have to have, Monte Carlo is not affected. It is true that everybody spending more than fifteen days in the Principality must take out a registration form, but there is nothing more than this to be done, and it costs ten francs for a year.

Riviera prices continue steady, and in spite of the fact that the pound is worth only about two-thirds of what it used to be, one can still find plenty of hotels where one will be comfortably lodged and well fed for ten shillings a day, while, for a long stay, it is possible to live very reasonably indeed—and very pleasantly.

Motoring to the South of France is one of the pleasanter interludes life has to offer. Provence, through which one passes, is extraordinarily beautiful, especially in the earliest days of spring, and "La France Gastronomique" is definitely worth exploring. Arles, Avignon and Orange are all good to stop at if one can spare the time. Petrol is dear, but there is a minimum of tiresome formalities, and all the main roads are well sign-posted.

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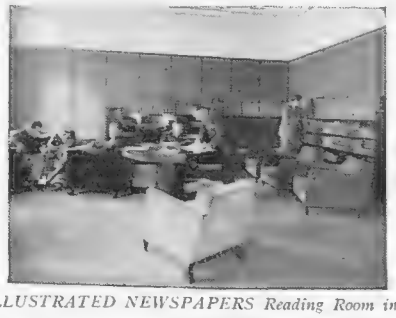

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The Riviera

(Continued from page 456)

both large and small. Nice, in fact, partly from its size, offers you more variety for your visit and your money than any other town on the Riviera. You can buy the best of everything at moderate prices, from jewellery to underwear. And I have always said that if, for some reason, I was prevented from living in London and had to make some other city my headquarters, I would choose Nice out of the whole of the rest of the world. The Promenade des Anglais has no little justification. There is a colony of five thousand English people living in Nice even in these days.

To me the place will always be very dear for the Battle of Flowers. There is a Latin gaiety about the inhabitants which makes them merry and light-hearted quite spontaneously. If you walk through the garlanded streets with an English girl you may be sure that dozens of merry Niçoises will dance a fandango round you, holding hands and refusing to let you go until you have kissed the lady, irrespective of your previous association with her.

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Those pretty villas, open barouches and Monégasque police; those steep hills and pretty carnation-sellers, and that delicious little harbour — they are all too charming to be true. It is a fact that when, two years ago, the producer of a famous American musical show ordered a backcloth to be painted from an enlargement of a panoramic photograph of Monte Carlo, he had to scrap it because it looked too unreally beautiful to be credible to the American public.

What greater praise can you have than that?

BUT I omitted to mention Beaulieu, with its tiny little harbour, its fine hotel, and the famous restaurant which looks like a glass box just about to be tipped over the sea. In the garden between it and the road is a stuffed camel and statues of little nigger boys. Inside you get the most delicious sea-food imaginable. It is worth going to the Riviera merely to have a single lunch here. Tenth-century olive-trees and six-weeks-old nasturtiums form the background to the creamy little casino. Beaulieu itself is a white hamlet known as Little Africa on account of its tropical trees and flowers. The tennis courts and the tennis tournaments are almost as well known as those at Nice, and attract the stars of the whole world.

GOING from Monte Carlo towards Menton, we pass orange-tiled villas, pine- and palm-trees, lime-trees, geraniums, and roses, with deep chasms on either side of the road, and the white wake of a motor-boat half a mile away on the blue Mediterranean. It is real picture-postcard scenery, with cacti and weeping willows, olive groves and pergolas. At Cap Martin there is a kind of Riviera jungle surrounding the tall, cream-coloured hotel. Then comes the old Roman gate outside Menton, with just enough beach for the carpet-sellers to display their wares.

In the summer there is a roof of osiers to keep the sun off the horses' heads. Priests shuffle along the street, and all the local people seem to live on the pavement outside their front door, just as though they were in Italy, a mile or two along the coast.

But on warm, sunny mornings in winter, the most popular place is the Promenade du Midi — the Promenade des Anglais or the Croisette of Menton. This wide, sunny terrace, which follows for nearly two miles the line of the bay, is then thronged with strollers enjoying the sunshine. The answer to any question about Menton's climate is undoubtedly "a lemon." This tree, which cannot live where there is frost, flourishes here and is decked with flowers and fruit all the year round. How I wish I was there this minute!

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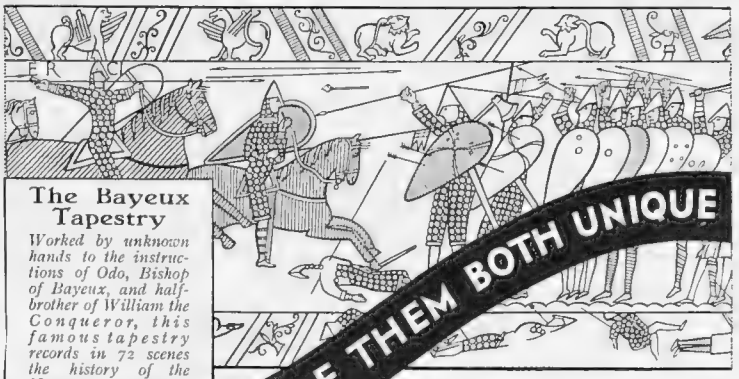
Hunting with Le Touquet Drag Hounds

GOLF TOURNAMENT



The Bayeux Tapestry

Worked by unknown hands to the instructions of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and half-brother of William the Conqueror, this famous tapestry records in 72 scenes the history of the Norman Conquest of England.

TIME HAS MADE THEM BOTH UNIQUE

Good-will to all Men

THERE is no other present so welcome to men of taste, no other gift which so reflects the good taste of the sender as The "Antiquary," the first old liqueur Scotch Whisky. Equally delectable with water as with soda, this fine whisky is an indispensable adjunct to the Christmas festivities.

Make it your Home Whisky!

"The Antiquary"

THE FIRST OLD LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Supplied only in Quarts & Magnums. Sold everywhere at home and abroad. If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write Sole Proprietors, J. & W. Hardie, Scotland.

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MOST INVITING!

THE
CRAWFORD
TARTAN
ASSORTED
SHORTBREAD

Contains a choice variety of many kinds in one quality only — the best

Delightful for afternoon tea or light refreshment

SOLD BY GROCERS & BAKERS EVERYWHERE

By Appointment

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH

Although the Austin "Ten" is a small car as regards its over-all dimensions, it is big enough to carry four people in very genuine comfort. It is built on entirely practical lines, and yet has its full share of good looks

The driving position is well arranged, and the doors are of useful width. The instruments are all grouped opposite the driver, leaving room on the far side for a really wide cubby-hole

Cars with a Personality

The 10-h.p. Austin

By The Earl of Cardigan

ALTHOUGH by no means a newcomer, the 10-h.p. model is one of the more recent additions to the Austin range. It has not nearly so long a record as either the "Seven" or the "Twelve." None the less, few light cars have proved more popular—and this, no doubt, is on account of the skilful way in which economical features have been blended with really satisfying road performance and accommodation.

The "Ten," obviously, is not a big car; yet it will carry four people in very genuine comfort, with plenty of elbow-room, leg-room, etc. In the matter of head-room, this Austin is particularly good, and a valuable feature is that the forward view through the windscreen is exceptionally wide and unobstructed. In every way, the coachwork is sensibly planned, while at the same time it lacks nothing in good looks.

The engine, similarly, although of barely 10-h.p. rating, has a real capacity for hard work. It is a four-cylinder, side-valve unit, and is built to turn over at high "revs" with the minimum of apparent effort. Even when "flat out," it is singularly free from vibration, valve clatter, or any such malady. In top gear, it is well able to take the car along at 60 m.p.h., while in third gear, the very useful speed of 45 m.p.h. can be recorded.

THE gear-box provides four speeds, of which all but the lowest are synchro-mesh ratios. Thus no change can present

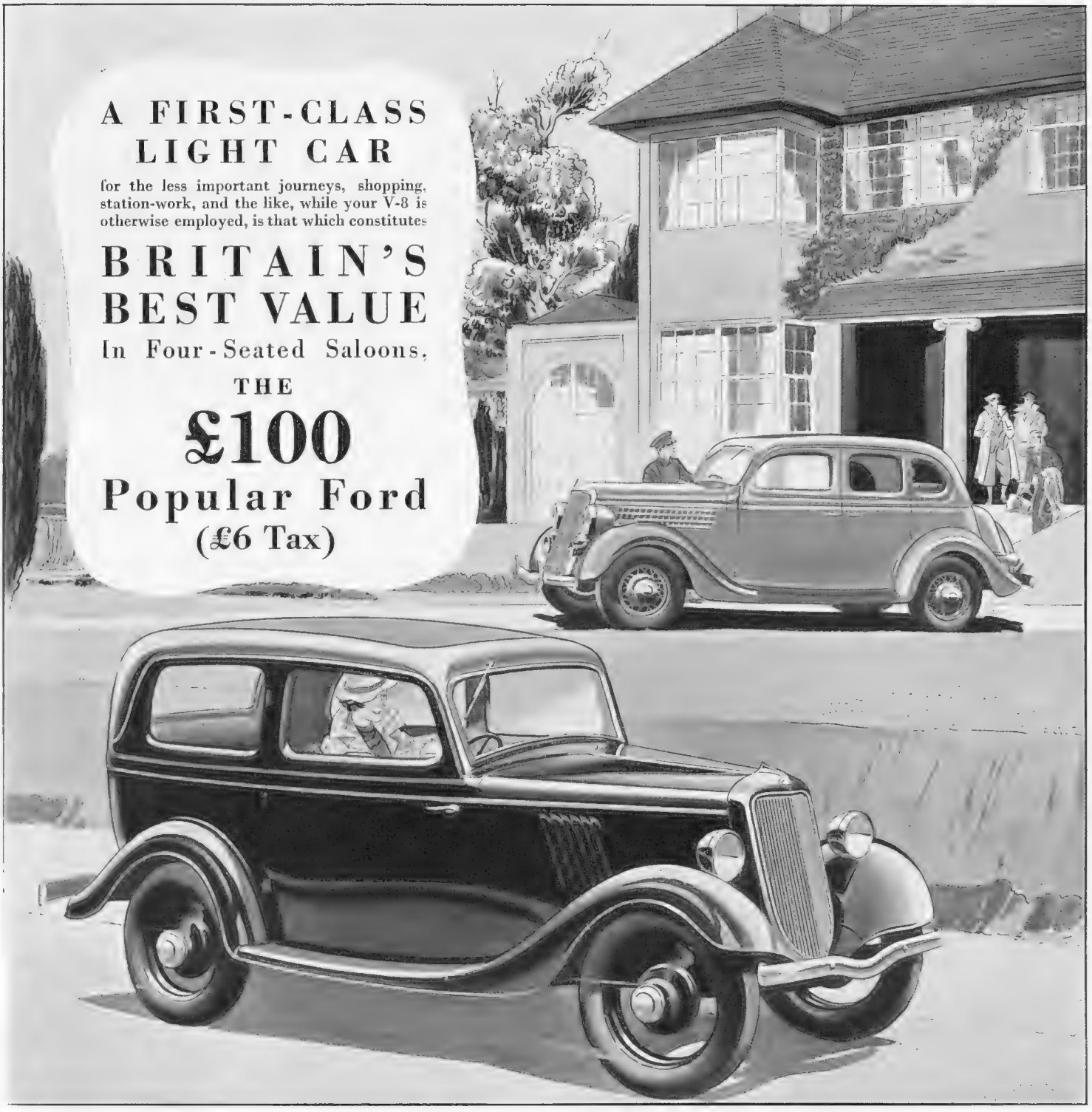
(*Continued on page* vi)

WINTER WISDOM

THE most sumptuous muff is but a mockery, in a north-east wind, if clothes are flimsy and shoes are thin—in other words all round protection is better than unbalanced extravagance.

In blending Winter Shell we do not need to strive after quick-starting at the expense of power, mileage, or acceleration. Shell is so good that in Winter we give you instantaneous starting-up on the coldest morning without affecting the other good qualities in the slightest.

IN WINTER, AS IN SUMMER, YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL



The POPULAR FORD (£6 Tax), As Illustrated, **£100** · *The FORD V-8 (£16 . 10s. Tax), Priced from* **£215,** *according to body-type.*

THIS Popular Ford sold itself to over 100,000 keen judges of money's-worth before its price was so attractively reduced, people much keener on value than are the purchasers of higher-priced cars.

Rapidly approaching its second hundred-thousand, this Popular Ford has the power, flexibility on top gear, ease of gear-changing, nicety of steering, beauty of suspension, comfortable roominess for all four occupants, and elegance of appearance, inside and out, *lastingly*, that make you think of anything up to £50 more in price. See it in the Local Ford Dealer's showroom tomorrow.

Another value-marvel, in a different class, is the New Ford V-8 (£16.10s.Tax), Britain's paramount proposition among multi-cylinder luxury-cars for the economically-inclined. Its completeness of equipment and handsomeness of finish are a revelation. See and try either, or both.

The Local Ford Dealer will gladly arrange for you to do so. Literature on Request : All Prices at Works.

Ford

"THERE IS NO COMPARISON!"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX · LONDON SHOWROOMS : 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

Cars with a Personality

(Continued from page iv)

any difficulty, except for the change "down" from second to first. Since first gear is really an emergency ratio—the car will start easily in second gear from a standstill—this particular change is practically never called for, and it is fair to describe the Austin gears as virtually fool-proof.

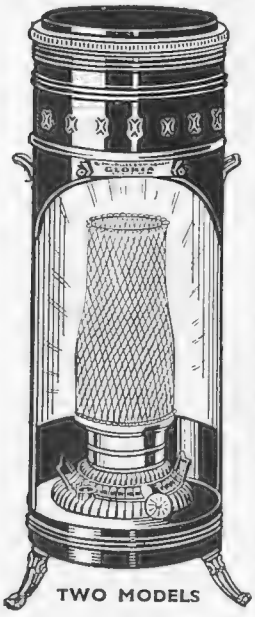
The clutch is smooth, but has the peculiarity of a very short pedal travel. This is rather a pity, because, when one first drives the car, a jerky movement is apt to be produced through the clutch "taking up" unexpectedly early. With familiarity, of course, the difficulty vanishes.

A good feature is the steering, which has recently been modified. It now acts very pleasantly indeed, and gives the driver a sense of real confidence. The springing is efficient, and altogether the car handles well and behaves steadily at all speeds. It is well braked, moreover, and the braking power is progressive, so that there is no need to be nervous of putting a firm pressure on the pedal.

Above: the spare wheel is housed in this compartment at the back. The hinged panel is of sturdy construction, and forms a useful luggage platform

Left: there is plenty of room on the back seat, including a very generous amount of head-room. This is an Austin feature which many people will appreciate

INDEED, this Austin is an excellent example of a new type of "Ten" which has developed during the last few years. It is no longer a "light car" in the old, limited sense; but a genuine motor-car, capable of performing with credit in any company. The "Lichfield" saloon, with full equipment, is very reasonably priced at £175.



TWO MODELS

100 c.p. Burner AND 300 c.p. Burner 50/- - 65/-

Warmth Without Waste–

RIPPINGILLES

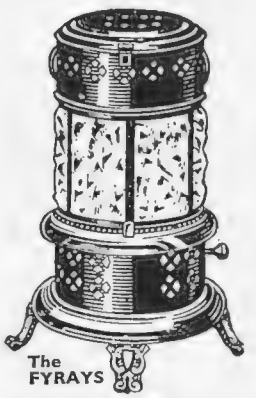
OIL HEATERS

PRODUCTS OF 63 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

provide perfect and portable warmth without waste. Regulation of heat is simplicity itself. Each model is designed to make the fullest use of fuel. A RIPPINGILLES Oil Heating Stove will cut down the cost of the winter warming of your home, besides giving you the most convenient heating facilities yet devised by modern science.

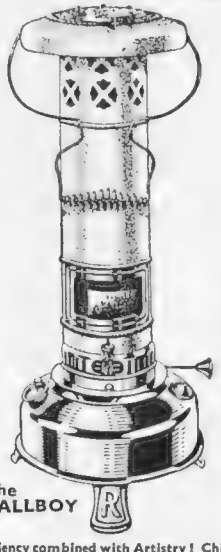
The GLORIA

The stove with all the advantages: (1) Scientific Heat Intensifier, throwing heat forward where it is wanted; (2) Chromium plated Brass Reflector; (3) Special Ruby heat-resisting glass in chimney; (4) Central draught burner with automatic winder stop. The stove gives tremendous heat radiation and great light reflection. Very suitable for large rooms where a high capacity stove is required.



The FYRAYS

The popular Coal-Fire-Effect Oil Heater, emanating a perfect reproduction of the rays from a glowing coal fire. Highly efficient and simple to operate. With 100 c.p. Burner 35/- With 300 c.p. Burner 45/-



The TALLBOY

Efficiency combined with Artistry! Chimney and top porcelain enamelled shaded stone brown. Tank finished antique copper. Intense heat from Blue-Flame burner. Choice of two models: 100/200 c.p. 24/- 300/400 c.p. 36/-

There are RIPPINGILLES Heaters from 9.6 upwards obtainable through all ironmongers.

SEND COUPON FOR FREE LISTS.

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Send latest list "P" of Heating Stoves, without obligation on my part, to :—

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ADDRESS.....

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346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2. *Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. *(Revised from January 1, 1935.)*

Published Weekly at 1/-.	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras.	Three Months, No Extras.
INLAND ..	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 11s. 6d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
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ELSEWHERE ABROAD ..	£3 5s. 0d.	£1 13s 8d.	£1 11s. 4d.	15s. 9d.

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for which I enclose .....

Name..... *Address*.....

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THE BEST CASE FOR CHRISTMAS

4 bottles Famous "GROUSE" Whisky
4 bottles "PINTAIL" Sherry
4 bottles "QUINTA SANTA MARTHA" high class old Tawny Port
For £5 carriage paid in Britain

6 BOTTLE CASE (2 of each quality) £2.10 carr. paid. 3 BOTTLE CASE (as above) 25/- postage paid.

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There are two kinds of Martini: Martini Vermouth (*Sweet*) at 4/6 per litre and Dry Martini at 5/6 per litre.

MARTINI VERMOUTH

adds even more enjoyment to your Christmas Parties

WHEREVER *good* Cocktails are mixed they use MARTINI VERMOUTH, Dry or Sweet. Exercise your own creative powers this Christmas. There is a charm in a Cocktail specially mixed which is entirely lacking when poured straight from a bottle. It's the personal touch which adds friendly intimacy to the party and makes it go with a swing.

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IF SHE SKIS SHE'LL LIKE A Leica

And even if she doesn't she will, it's such a marvellous little camera! It makes pictures at the Christmas party as successfully as in the Swiss Alps. So small it slips in the pocket, yet will take up to 36 pictures at one loading. Double exposures or blanks impossible. Models from £26.10.0. Every accessory in stock. Special facilities to registered Leica owners. Lists free. Your present apparatus in part exchange.

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Sportswear, Blouses, Lingerie

Angora and hand-made Jumpers always in stock.

Just received from Paris, the Latest Scarves and other Novelties.

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Insist on **NOVIO** *The Perfect* **TOILET PAPER**

Antiseptic. Thin, soft, strong, silky. Sold in packets, rolls and cartons by Stores, Stationers, Chemists, etc.

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

NURSERY SUITE, SYLPHIDES, JOB: December 14th, 2.30.

LAC DES CYGNES: December 17th, 8.30.

CONCERTS

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Purcell's "King Arthur," with Adrian Boult conducting: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.

NEW METROPOLITAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Conducted by Serge Krish: Queen's Hall, December 13th, 8.30.

CAROL CONCERT.—Royal Choral Society, with Malcolm Sargent conducting: Albert Hall, December 14th, 2.30.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Handel's "Messiah," with Beecham conducting the L.P.O. and Royal Opera Amateur Chorus; Laelia Finneberg, Muriel Brunskill, Walter Widdop and Arthur Fear as soloists: Queen's Hall, December 15th, 3.15.

Recitals

PIATIGORSKY.—Last recital this season Grotrian Hall, December 11th, 8.30.

SMETERLIN.—Only recital this season: Wigmore Hall, December 14th, 3.

EXHIBITION

CHINESE ART EXHIBITION.—Royal Academy, Burlington House, from November 28th.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Lita Grey Chaplin sings—her first cabaret appearance here; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Renée Houston tops the all-star cabaret; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The new Follies show is excellently gay; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—*Un Peu de Paris* is the new show here; Syd Lipton plays dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The "Jardin Fleuri" includes good cabaret; Harry Roy plays for dancing: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there's no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is restored to its original home; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

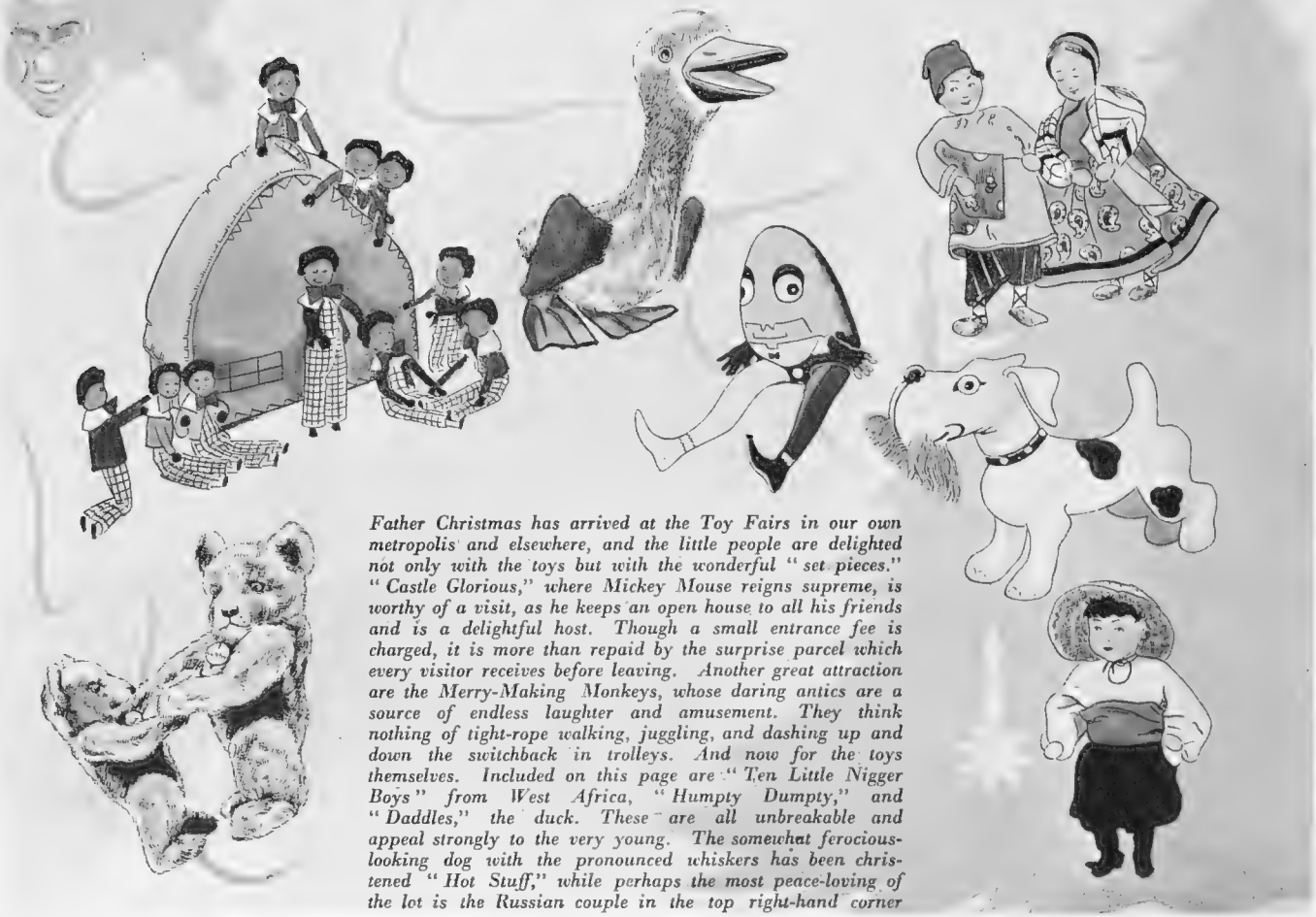
SAN MARCO.—There's no cabaret, but Mantovani's band is excellent; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

GERMANY

IV th OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES
GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN
FEBRUARY 6th-16th
1936

INFORMATION AND TICKETS OBTAINABLE FROM ALL PRINCIPAL TOURIST AGENCIES, WRITE FOR BOOKLET NO 136 TO GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU, 19, REGENT STREET, LONDON S.W.1

Gifts That Appeal to the Nursery World



Father Christmas has arrived at the Toy Fairs in our own metropolis and elsewhere, and the little people are delighted not only with the toys but with the wonderful "set pieces." "Castle Glorious," where Mickey Mouse reigns supreme, is worthy of a visit, as he keeps an open house to all his friends and is a delightful host. Though a small entrance fee is charged, it is more than repaid by the surprise parcel which every visitor receives before leaving. Another great attraction are the Merry-Making Monkeys, whose daring antics are a source of endless laughter and amusement. They think nothing of tight-rope walking, juggling, and dashing up and down the switchback in trolleys. And now for the toys themselves. Included on this page are "Ten Little Nigger Boys" from West Africa, "Humpty Dumpty," and "Daddles," the duck. These are all unbreakable and appeal strongly to the very young. The somewhat ferocious-looking dog with the pronounced whiskers has been christened "Hot Stuff," while perhaps the most peace-loving of the lot is the Russian couple in the top right-hand corner

Women's Golf *(Continued from page 480)*

play; the girls who can give all their time to it and find the money out of their own, or their people's, pockets, will become increasingly few and far between.

SURREY, who were prime movers in the struggle last year for a broader policy in the L.G.U., are bringing forward two resolutions for the L.G.U. Annual Meeting next February. The Agenda Committee of that body may alter their form, so that there shall be no fear of their being thrown out on some technical inconsistency or administrative contradiction, but in substance these resolutions read: "That the British Ladies' Golf Championship shall be open to all lady golfers, whether Professional or Amateur, and the Rules and Regulations shall be altered accordingly." And "That all members of affiliated Clubs, whether Amateur or Professional, shall be eligible to obtain L.G.U. handicaps, and that the rules and regulations of the L.G.U. shall be altered accordingly."

SPACE dwindles. It must suffice for the moment to remind you that the standard of play in the open and other championships has definitely gone down since our best women were excluded from it. If that continues we shall lose much besides international matches. Also that it is not logic or justice to take an affiliation fee from a club and then deny any of its members something for which that affiliation fee is paid—namely, an L.G.U. handicap.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition — November Monthly Medal Results

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. M. Jorgensen	Sundridge Park	89	18	71	75	4 below
Mrs. Ida Munro	Spalding	82	14	68	71	3 „
Miss J. Atkinson	Lindrick	89	15	74	77	3 „
Mrs. A. Musgrave	West Byfleet	84	16	68	71	3 „
Miss M. Wall	Weston-super-Mare	77	4	73	75	2 „
Miss V. C. Beckett	Hillside	85	12	73	75	2 „
Mrs. W. M. Whitfield	Prestbury and Upton	79	4	75	76	1 „
Mrs. A. Bason	Prestbury and Upton	79	4	75	76	1 „
Mrs. N. R. Stratford	Calcutta	89	17	72	73	1 „
Miss C. Rowland	Lindrick	80	3	77	77	All square
Mrs. F. Hall	Hull	83	8	75	75	„ „
Miss Arrowsmith	Worsley	87	13	74	74	„ „
Mrs. A. M. Walsh	Wakefield	89	16	73	73	„ „
Miss A. Gillott	Coxmoor	89	16	73	72	1 above
Mrs. W. T. Swannell	Northampton	85	8	77	75	2 „

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss P. Walton	Greenway Hall	91	32	59	70	11 below
Mrs. W. C. Houston	Calcutta	96	33	63	73	10 „
Miss V. Petrie	West Byfleet	85	19	66	75	9 „
Mrs. P. S. MacDonald	Calcutta	87	21	66	73	7 „
Mrs. W. L. Dixon	Manchester	101	31	70	77	7 „
Mrs. A. Evison	Great Yarmouth	104	35	69	75	6 „
Miss M. Brock	Freshfield	101	35	66	72	6 below
Miss D. Blythe	Sherwood Forest	90	19	71	76	5 „
Miss E. J. Kordian	Macclesfield	86	19	67	72	5 „
Miss L. Nelson	North Hants	92	23	69	74	5 „
Miss E. A. Lowe	Coxmoor	103	36	67	72	5 „
The Hon. Mrs. McKenna	Thetford	95	23	72	75	3 „
Mrs. Whittaker	Worsley	93	21	72	74	2 „
Mrs. Banting	North Hants	102	30	72	74	2 „
Mrs. Collins	Kingsthorpe	93	19	74	74	All square

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — DECEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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THE BIG 3 AT CANNES

No need to take out insurance on your holiday when you come to Cannes! It's one of those rare places that is always right; always bright, always amusing. Sunshine, the warm, bronzing, Mediterranean brand, all year long. Smart people in a smart setting. Casino thrills. The sporting centre of the Riviera. 100 tennis courts—3 golf courses—2 polo grounds. A blue sky. Flowers. And three of the most luxurious, comfortable and aristocratic hotels (very moderate rates) in the world. You can't go wrong on Cannes!

Photo., Pierre Walter, Juan-les-Pins.

Hotel Majestic, entirely redecorated, this luxurious hotel continues its world-famed traditions of hospitality. Near Casino.

Hotel Miramar, facing the beach. You'll meet your friends at the Miramar Bar and Grill; Cannes' smartest rendezvous at cocktail time.

Feneyrol, Cannes.

Photo., Pierre Walter Juan-les-Pins

Hotel Martinez, facing the sea. Preferred because of its famous "rôtisserie." Thoughtful service, too.

GETTING MARRIED:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Stuart Hamilton

Mrs. Kenneth Crawley

Was Cicely Crawley, daughter of the late Ernest Crawley, and Mrs. Crawley, of The Hall, Much Hadham, Herts; married last week Kenneth Eliot Crawley, the second son of Kenneth Crawley, of Quarry Hill, Brancepeth, Durham, and of the late Mrs. Crawley

Joan Craven

Joan Dennis

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Dennis, of Kirton, Lincolnshire, and she has announced her engagement to Gordon Fyshe, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fyshe, of Barnt Green, Worcestershire; she is a well-known member of the Blakeney Hunt

Navana

Catherine Angus

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moray D. Angus, of Chart Cottage, Westerham, Kent; she is to marry Charles Anthony Minoprio, of Seymour Street, W.1, who is the eldest son of Mr. Frank C. Minoprio, of Broadlands Ascot

Bassano

Vera Shaw

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Shaw, of Coatham, Redcar, Yorkshire, and is engaged to Captain John Anthony Dawson, East Yorkshire Regiment, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dawson, of Denham, Buckinghamshire

Hay Wrightson

Felicity Arnold

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon H. Arnold, of 10, Edwardes Square, W.8; she has announced her engagement to Michael Behrens, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Behrens, of Bailey Hill, Denham, Bucks

Bassano

Mary Richardson

Is engaged to Capt. G. H. Gilkes, Royal Artillery, who is the son of Dr. and Mrs. E. O. Gilkes, of Larks Gate, Llangrove, Herefordshire; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Richardson, of the White House, Frensham, Surrey

Lenare

Nancy Shirley

Is the younger daughter of the late Percy Shirley, and Mrs. Flora Shirley, of The Lodge, Pembridge Square, W.2; she is to marry Derek Noel Leon, the younger son of Mr. R. Leon, and of Mrs. Andrew Gibson, of Starley House, Gloucester

Lenare

Kathleen Upton

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Upton, of Muntham, Horsham, Sussex, and is engaged to Henry James Lindsay Green, Coldstream Guards, the son of the late Major A. D. Green, D.S.O., and of Mrs. A. D. Green, of Caryll Hurst, West Grinstead

Bassano

Jocelyn Coates

Is the only daughter of Sir William Coates, K.C.B., F.R.C.S., D.L., and of Lady Coates, of Ingleside, Whalley Range, Manchester; she is to marry William James Douglass, the Manchester Regiment, the only son of Captain and Mrs. W. N. G. Douglass, of Carryhundon, Carlow

Navana

Margaret Berry

Is the younger daughter of the late Mr. George Berry, and of Mrs. Berry, of Colne Mead, West Drayton, Middlesex, and is engaged to Kenneth Pilkington, the elder son of the late Mr. R. Pilkington, and of Mrs. Pilkington, of St. Fort, Newport, Fife

Bertram Park

Rosemary Russell

Is the second daughter of the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Russell, of 17, Horton Street, W.8; she is to marry William Douglas Gosling, the eldest son of Major W. S. and Lady Victoria Gosling, of Hassobury, Bishop's Stortford

Olive Dickins

Is the only daughter of the late Mr. H. S. Dickins, and of Mrs. Dickins, of Tipperary Estates, Southern India; she is engaged to George Allport, the youngest son of the late Mr. H. A. Allport, J.P., and of Mrs. Allport, of Woodmoor, Bournemouth

Rutherford — Long-Price

Richard Nigel James Rutherford, of 6, Dorset Square, N.W.1, and Mary Francis Long-Price, of the Market House, Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire, were married in the Parish Church at Sawbridgeworth

Bliss — Davies

Dr. Charles Henry Bliss, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Bliss, of Tamar House, Tavistock, Devon, and Edmée Avrielle Bernwyn Davies, the fifth daughter of the late Mr. H. J. Davies, and of Mrs. Davies, of Bond Road, Bitterne Park, Southampton, were married at Westminster Cathedral

Haworth-Booth — Knight

Flight-Lieut. Robin Haworth-Booth, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Haworth-Booth, of the Mill House, Balcombe, and Myrtle Knight, the only child of the late Major Knight, and of Mrs. Knight, were married at St. Oswald's Church, Salisbury

Bigge — Bowring

Left: Thomas William Bigge, the eldest son of Capt. and Mrs. H. F. Bigge, of Kittywell, Croyde, Devon, and Pamela Bowring, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bowring, of Barricane, St. John's, Woking, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Right: Lieut. Andrew N. G. Campbell, R.N., the youngest son of Brig.-General A. A. E. Campbell, and Mary Howell, the younger daughter of the late Colonel W. Howell, C.B.E., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Howell, of 36, Longridge Road, S.W., were married at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street

Campbell — Howell

Morritt — Tyldesley Jones

Robert Augustus Morritt, the only son of Major and Mrs. H. E. Morritt, of Rokeby, Barnard Castle, Yorks., and Margaret Mary Tyldesley Jones, the eldest daughter of Mr. W. E. Tyldesley Jones, K.C., and Mrs. Tyldesley Jones, of Roche Court, Winterslow, Salisbury, were married at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge

Waugh — Whitworth

Jack Alfred James Waugh, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Tom Waugh, of Bellavista, Newmarket, and Mildred Bletsoe Whitworth, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Newton T. Whitworth, formerly of Chester House, Wellingborough, were married at St. Mary's Church, Wilby, Northampton

Chapman — de Courcy Ireland

E. F. G. Chapman, of the Indian (Imperial) Police, the son of the late Rev. F. Chapman, and Aline de Courcy Ireland, the younger daughter of the late Mr. S. G. de Courcy Ireland, Indian Civil Service, and of Mrs. de Courcy Ireland, of Southsea, were married at Bareilly, United Provinces, India

Hayes — Malet

Captain H. A. Hayes, Royal Artillery, the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles O'Connell Hayes, and of Mrs. Hayes, and Mary Malet, the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel R. J. Malet, and of Mrs. Malet, of Bournemouth, were married at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Bournemouth

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 11—December 17

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Irvine's comedy has a "to-work-or-not-to-work" theme, with Harold Warrender, Jessica Tandy, and Morris Harvey topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BLACK EYE.—There 's more fun than philosophy in this, thanks to the dialogue, Jean Cadell and Ralph Roberts; Stephen Haggard acts well as the young hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Duke of York's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A play from the Embassy, with Frank Vosper and Barbara Couper heading a suitably distinguished cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Thea Holme is now Precious Stream; the play is a charmer, and deserves to be seen more than once: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MACBETH.—Vivienne Bennett and Ion Swinley play Lady Macbeth and Macbeth, Cecil Trouncer is Duncan, and William Devlin Banquo: Old Vic, 8 (except Mondays). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—John Gielgud has taken Romeo's part from Laurence Olivier, who is now Mercutio; Peggy Ashcroft remains the perfect Juliet: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHORT STORY.—Marie Tempest 's a play in herself, but Sybil Thorndike, A. E. Matthews, Ursula Jeans and Graham Browne all support this mildly improbable story: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITE CARGO.—Revival of the ever-popular play of white men, brown women, and black hate, with Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall and Horace Hodges: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Antoinette Cellier, and Mackenzie Ward play lead in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Plays

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girl's-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 69.—A Christmas edition, including a Toy Ballet, Edna Thompson and Olive del Mar as soubrettes, Milne and West, Eric Barker, Eric Woodburn, Eddie Kelland, and a new dancer, Noni Prager: Windmill, 1.20-11.30 non-stop.

A ROYAL EXCHANGE.—The Ruritanian musical comedy starring Ramon Novarro and Doris Kenyon has started at last: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SEEING STARS.—Leslie Henson is the star, Florence Desmond and Louise Browne also twinkle; the show is gay, the story non-existent: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane as the best bet: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSIDE STAND.—Ralph Lynn gets his own typical fun (so does Olive Blakeney in her way) out of Wodehouse's crook-play: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams's acting as the young murderer in his own intelligent thriller is excellent; so is the play's humour; it must be seen: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OUR OWN LIVES.—Irene Vanbrugh queens a mild comedy of no one doing what they want; Lady Tree and Laura Cowie are fun: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening: Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—If it wasn't for Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire, one wouldn't be interested: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICKY.—Light and sentimental comedy for those who like it, with a Viennese label; Aileen Marson and Jack Melford are heroine and hero: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

MARY TUDOR.—Wilfred Grantham's historical play has Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse. December 12th.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY; or, WHAT A WITCH! is the Charlot pantomime with Virginia Cherrill as the Princess, Patrick Waddington as the Prince, Nellie Wallace and Bert Coote: Vaudeville, December 14th.

CINEMAS

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936.—A constellation of stars in a song-and-dance show de luxe: Empire.

COME OUT OF THE PANTRY.—Jack Buchanan and Fay Wray keep the ball rolling well in a new musical farce: London Pavilion.

EPISODE.—A post-war Vienna setting, with Paula Wessely as the art-student heroine (this performance won her the Volpi Cup): Academy.

A FIRE HAS BEEN ARRANGED.—Flanagan and Allen are in this crook comedy. Also Edmund Lowe and Karen Morley in THUNDER IN THE NIGHT: Capitol.

FIRST A GIRL.—Jessie Matthews' musical piece is gay and amusing: Marble Arch Pavilion.

HERE 'S TO ROMANCE.—Nino Martini, the tenor, makes his film début here. DON'T BET ON BLONDES is a comedy with Warren William and Claire Dodd: New Gallery.

LA BANDÉRA.—Annabella is in this melodrama with a Spanish setting, and Jean Gabin plays opposite her: Curzon.

THE LAST OUTPOST.—Cary Grant, Claud Rains and Gertrude Michael do or die in a thriller of skirmishing in the Sudan: Plaza.

MOSCOW NIGHTS.—Harry Baur, Laurence Olivier and Penelope Dudley Ward are worth seeing in the film of war-time Russia: Astoria.

PAGE MISS GLORY.—Marion Davis and Dick Powell in a story well larded with amusing situations and cheerful tunes: Regal.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

THE TUNNEL.—A strong story of big finance, engineering marvels, and heroism. A notable cast is headed by Richard Dix and Leslie Banks; MICKEY'S FIRE BRIGADE is the grand Walt Disney: Tivoli.

WOMAN TAMER.—George Raft is a gangster again, and Joan Bennett does the taming, and gets tamed: Leicester Square Theatre.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE SNOW MAIDEN: to-night, 7.45.

LA TRAVIATA: December 12th, 8.

FAUST, with full ballet: December 13th, 8.

THE SNOW MAIDEN: December 14th, 7.45.

(Continued on page vii)

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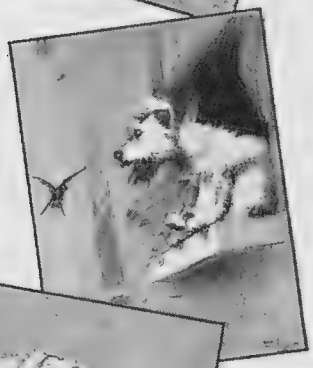

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"Rest!"
"The Triumph"
"The Rara Avis!"
"Stealth"
"Panic"
"Shingled, by gad!"
"Self-help!"
"Woggles and Flip-Flop and the Ideal Home"
"Standing Room Only!"
"Home with the Milk!"
"The Happy Hunting-Ground!"
"Contentment!"
"Perseverance!"
"Inconstancy"
"Well, that's the limit!"
"Emergency Exit Only!"
"Woggles and Flip-Flop ask for more"
"Safety First!"
"Woggles is taught Flip-Floppery"
"Woggles finds out why it's Flip-Flop!"
"Woggles meets Flip-Flop!"
"Room for one only!"
"Sick of it!"
"The Ear-marked Dinner!"
"Woggles Keeps 'Cave'"
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes!"
"Affection!"
"Hope"
"I expect they'll think it's me!"
"Foolhardiness!"
"Endurance!"
"Baby's Out!"
"Bringing in the New Year's Resolution!"
"For Another's Crime"
"It's Lucky Woggles Can't Climb!"
"Not so hot on the English Riviera!"
"Somehow I don't feel hungry!"
"Following in Father's Footsteps"
"Grand Sport!"
"Woggle's First Mouse"
"The Last Straw"

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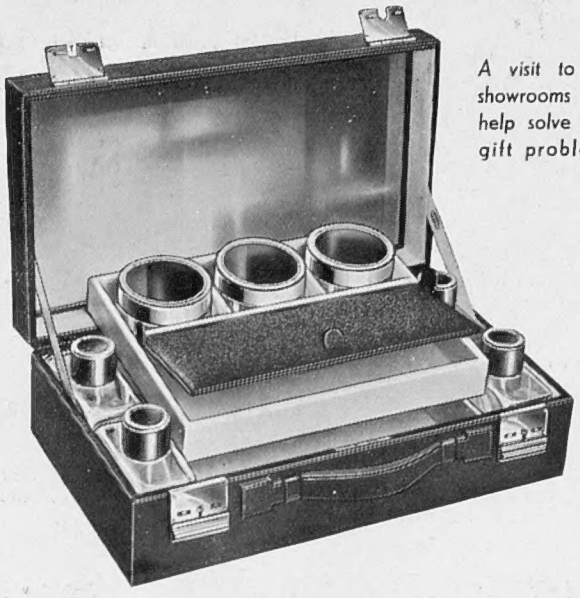

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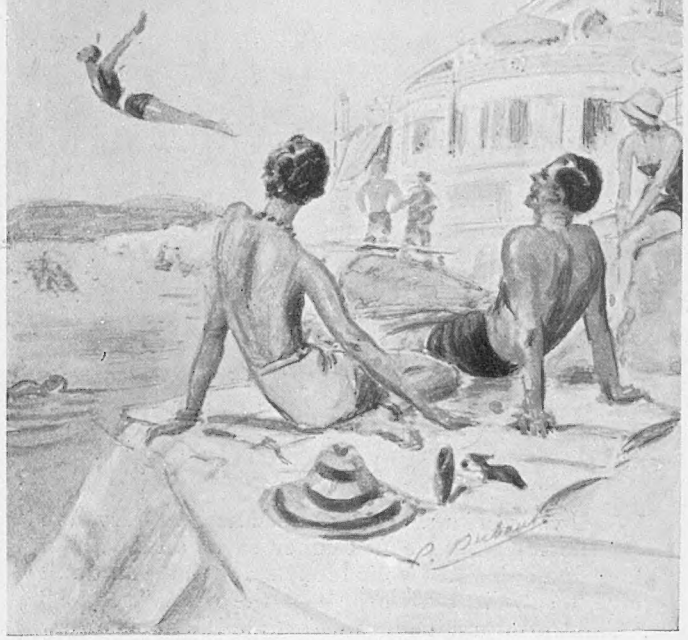

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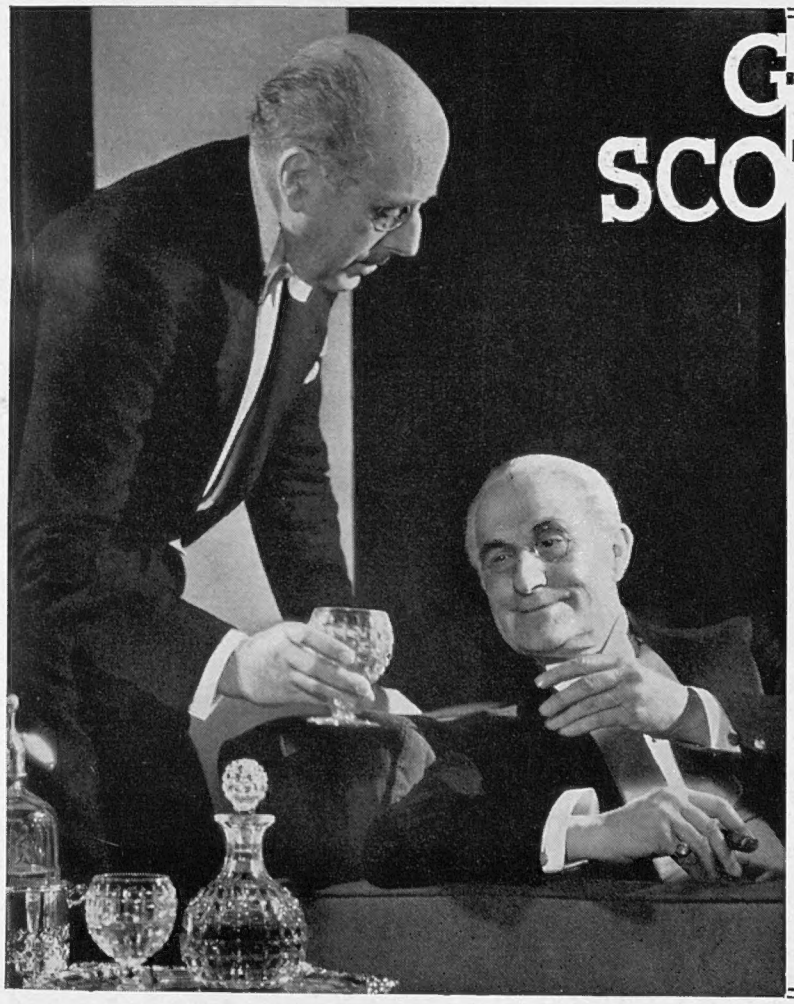

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